

P O E M S

U P O N

Several Occasions.

By the Reverend Mr. JOHN POMFRET.

V I Z.

- I. The CHOICE.
- II. LOVE Triumphant over REASON.
- III. CRUELTY and LUST.
- IV. On the DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.
- V. A Prospect of DEATH.
- VI. On the CONFLAGRATION, and Last JUDGMENT.

The ELEVENTH EDITION, Corrected.

With some ACCOUNT of

His LIFE and WRITINGS.

To which are added,

His R E M A I N S.

L O N D O N :

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T H E
P R E F A C E.



I T will be to little Purpose, the AUTHOR presumes, to offer any Reasons, why the following P O E M S appear in Publick; for it is ten to one whether he gives the true, and if he does, it is much greater odds, whether the gentle Reader is so courteous as to believe him. He could tell the World, according to the laudable Custom of Prefaces, that it was through the irresistible Importunity of Friends, or some

other Excuse of ancient Renown, that he ventured them to the Press; but he thought it much better to leave every Man to guess for himself, and then he would be sure to satisfy himself: For, let what will be pretended, People are grown so very apt to fancy they are always in the Right, that, unless it hit their Humour, it is immediately condemned for a Sham and Hypocrisy.

IN short, that which wants an Excuse for being in Print, ought not to have been printed at all; but whether the ensuing POEMS deserve to stand in that Class,

Class, the World must have Leave to determine. What Faults the true Judgment of the *Gentleman* may find out, it is to be hoped his Candour and Good Humour will easily pardon; but those which the Peevishness and ill Nature of the *Critic* may discover, must expect to be unmercifully used: Though, methinks, it is a very preposterous Pleasure, to scratch other Persons till the Blood comes, and then laugh at and ridicule them.

SOME Persons, perhaps, may wonder, How *Things* of this *Nature* dare come into the World without the Protection of some
great

great Name, as they call it, and a fulsome *Epistle Dedicatory* to his *Grace*, or *Right Honourable* : For, if a P O E M struts out under my *Lord's Patronage*, the *Author* imagines it is no less than *Scandalum Magnatum* to dislike it ; especially if he thinks fit to tell the World, that this same Lord is a Person of wonderful *Wit* and *Understanding*, a notable Judge of *Poetry*, and a very considerable *Poet* himself. But if a P O E M have no intrinsic Excellencies, and real Beauties, the greatest Name in the World will never induce a Man of Sense to approve it ; and if it has them, *Tom Piper's* is as good as my *Lord Duke's* ;

Duke's; the only Difference is, *Tom* claps half an Ounce of Snuff into the Poet's Hand, and his *Grace* Twenty Guineas: For indeed there lies the Strength of a great Name, and the greatest Protection an *Author* can receive from it.

To please every one, would be a new Thing; and to write so as to please no body, would be as new: For even *QUARLES* and *WYTHERS* have their Admirers. The Author is not so fond of Fame, to desire it from the injudicious Many; nor of so mortified a Temper, not to wish it from the discerning Few. It is not the
Multi-

x *The* P R E F A C E.

Multitude of Applauses, but the Good Sense of the Applauders, which establishes a valuable Reputation ; and if a RYMER or a CONGREVE say it is well, he will not be at all solicitous how great the Majority may be to the contrary.

LONDON,
Anno 1699.

THE



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POEMS



P O E M S
O N

Several Occasions.



The CHOICE.



IF Heav'n the grateful Liberty would give,
That I might choose my Method how to
(live ;
And all those Hours propitious Fate
[should lend,
In blissful Ease and Satisfaction spend ;

NEAR some fair Town I'd have a private Seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great ;
Better, if on a rising Ground it stood ;
On this Side Fields, on that a neighb'ring Wood.

B

It

It should within no other Things contain,
 But what are useful, necessary, plain:
 Methinks 'tis nauseous; and I'd ne'er endure
 The needless Pomp of gaudy Furniture.
 A little Garden, grateful to the Eye;
 And a cool Rivulet run murm'ring by:
 On whose delicious Banks a stately Row
 Of shady Limes, or Sycamores, should grow.
 At th' End of which a silent Study plac'd,
 Should be with all the noblest Authors grac'd:
 HORACE and VIRGIL, in whose mighty Lines
 Immortal Wit, and solid Learning, shines;
 Sharp JUVENAL, and am'rous OVID too,
 Who all the Turns of Love's soft Passion knew:
 He that with Judgment reads his charming Lines,
 In which strong Art with stronger Nature joins,
 Must grant his Fancy does the best excel:
 His Thoughts so tender, and express'd so well;
 With all those Moderns, Men of steady Sense,
 Esteem'd for Learning, and for Eloquence.
 In some of these, as Fancy should advise,
 I'd always take my Morning Exercise.
 For sure no Minutes bring us more Content,
 Than those in pleasing, useful Studies spent.

I'd have a clear and competent Estate,
 That I might live genteely, but not great;
 As much as I could moderately spend;
 A little more, sometimes t' oblige a Friend.

Nor

Nor should the Sons of Poverty repine
 Too much at Fortune, they should taste of mine ;
 And all that Objects of true Pity were,
 Should be reliev'd with what my Wants could spare :
 For That our Maker has too largely giv'n,
 Should be return'd in Gratitude to Heav'n.
 A frugal Plenty should my Table spread ;
 With healthy, not luxurious, Dishes fed :
 Enough to satisfy and something more,
 To feed the Stranger, and the neigh'ring Poor.
 Strong Meat indulges Vice, and pamp'ring Food,
 Creates Diseases, and inflames the Blood.
 But what's sufficient to make Nature strong,
 And the bright Lamp of Life continue long,
 I'd freely take ; and as I did possess,
 The bounteous *Author* of my Plenty bless.

I'd have a little Vault, but always stor'd
 With the best Wines each Vintage could afford.
 Wine whets the Wit, improves its native Force,
 And gives a pleasant Flavour to Discourse :
 By making all our Spirits debonair,
 Throws off the Lees, the Sediment of Care.
 But as the greatest Blessing Heaven lends,
 May be debauch'd and serve ignoble Ends ;
 So, but too oft, the Grape's refreshing Juice,
 Does many mischievous Effects produce.
 My House should no such rude Disorders know,
 As from high Drinking consequently flow ;

Nor would I use what was so kindly giv'n,
 To the Dishonour of indulgent Heav'n :
 If any Neighbour came, he should be free,
 Us'd with Respect, and not uneasy be,
 In my Retreat, or to himself or me.
 What Freedom, Prudence, and right Reason give,
 All Men may, with Impunity, receive :
 But the least swerving from their Rule's too much ;
 For what's forbidden us, 'tis Death to touch.

THAT Life may be more comfortable yet,
 And all my Joys refin'd, sincere, and great ;
 I'd choose two Friends, whose Company would be
 A great Advance to my Felicity :
 Well born, of Humours suited to my own,
 Discreet, and Men, as well as Books have known :
 Brave, gen'rous, witty, and exactly free
 From loose Behaviour, or Formality :
 Airy and prudent ; merry but not light ;
 Quick in discerning, and in judging right :
 Secret they should be, faithful to their Trust ;
 In Reas'ning cool, strong, temperate, and just.
 Obliging, open, without huffing, brave ;
 Brisk in gay Talking, and in sober, grave ;
 Close in Dispute, but not tenacious ; try'd
 By solid Reason, and let that decide ;
 Not prone to Lust, Revenge, or envious Hate ;
 Nor busy Medlers with Intrigues of State :
 Strangers to Slander, and sworn Foes to Spite ;
 Not quarrellous, but stout enough to fight ;

Loyal

Loyal and pious, Friends to CÆSAR ; true,
As dying Martyrs, to their MAKER too.
In their Society I could not miss
A permanent, sincere, substantial bliss.

WOULD bounteous Heav'n once more indulge, I'd
(For who would so much Satisfaction lose, (choose
As witty Nymphs, in Conversation, give)
Near some obliging modest Fair to live :
For there's that Sweetness in a Female Mind,
Which in a Man's we cannot hope to find ;
That, by a secret, but a pow'rful Art,
Winds up the Springs of Life, and does impart
Fresh vital Heat to the transported Heart. }

I'd have her Reason *all* her Passion sway :
Easy in Company, in private gay :
Coy to a Fop, to the deserving free ;
Still constant to herself, and just to me.
A Soul she should have for great Actions fit ;
Prudence and Wisdom to direct her Wit :
Courage to look bold Danger in the Face ;
No Fear, but only to be proud, or base ;
Quick to advice, by an Emergence prest,
To give good Counsel, or to take the best.
I'd have th' Expression of her Thoughts be such,
She might not seem reserv'd, nor talk too much :
That shews a Want of Judgment, and of Sense ;
More than enough is but Impertinence.

Her Conduct regular, her Mirth refin'd ;
 Civil to Strangers, to her Neighbours kind :
 Averse to Vanity, Revenge and Pride ;
 In all the Methods of Deceit untry'd :
 So faithful to her Friend, and good to All :
 No Censure might upon her Actions fall :
 Then would e'en Envy be compell'd to say,
 She goes the least of Womankind astray.

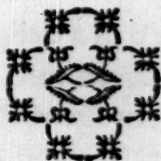
To this fair Creature I'd sometimes retire ;
 Her Conversation would new Joys inspire ;
 Give Life an Edge so keen, no surly Care,
 Would venture to assault my Soul, or dare,
 Near my Retreat, to hide one secret Snare.
 But so divine, so noble a Repast
 I'd seldom, and with Moderation, taste :
 For highest Cordials *all* their Virtue lose,
 By a too frequent and too bold a Use ;
 And what would cheer the Spirits in Distress,
 Ruins our Health, when taken to Excess.

I'd be concern'd in no litigious Jar ;
 Belov'd by All, not vainly popular.
 Whate'er Assistance I had Pow'r to bring,
 T' oblige my Country, or to serve my King,
 Whene'er they call'd, I'd readily afford
 My Tongue, my Pen, my Counsel, or my Sword.
 Law-suits I'd shun, with as much studious Care,
 As I would Dens where hungry Lions are ;

And

And rather put up Injuries, than be,
A Plague to him, who'd be a Plague to me.
I value Quiet at a Price too great,
To give for my Revenge so dear a Rate :
For what do we by all our Buffle gain,
But counterfeit Delight for real Pain ?

If Heav'n a Date of many Years would give,
Thus I'd in Pleasure, Ease, and Plenty live.
And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation (for I'd have no Wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly Care,
Whilst I did for a better State prepare.
Then I'd not be with any Trouble vex'd,
Nor have the Evening of my Days perplex'd ;
But by a silent and a peaceful Death,
Without a Sigh, resign my aged Breath.
And when committed to the Dust, I'd have
Few Tears, but friendly, dropt into my Grave,
Then would my Exit so propitious be,
All Men would wish to live and die like me.





L O V E

Triumphant over

R E A S O N.

A V I S I O N.



TH O' gloomy Thoughts disturb'd my anxious Breast
All the long Night, and drove away my Rest ;
Just as the dawning Day began to rise,
A grateful Slumber clos'd my waking Eyes :
But active Fancy to strange Regions flew,
And brought surprizing Objects to my View.

METHOUGHT I walk'd in a delightful Grove,
The soft Retreat of Gods, when Gods make *Love*.
Each beauteous Object my charm'd Soul amaz'd,
And I on each with equal Wonder gaz'd ;
Nor knew which most delighted : All was fine :
The noble Product of some Pow'r Divine.

But

But as I travers'd the obliging Shade,
Which Myrtle, Jessamine, and Roses, made,
I saw a Person whose cœlestial Face
At first declar'd her Goddess of the Place,
But I discover'd when approaching near,
An Aspect full of Beauty, but severe.
Bold and majestick; ev'ry awful Look
Into my Soul a secret Horror struck;
Advancing farther on, she made a Stand,
And beckon'd me; I, kneeling, kiss'd her Hand:
Then thus began——Bright Deity! (for so
You are, no Mortals such Perfections know)
I may intrude; but how I was convey'd
To this strange Place, or by what pow'rful Aid,
I'm wholly ignorant; nor know I more,
Or where I am, or whom I do adore.
Instruct me then, that I no longer may
In Darkness serve the Goddess I obey.

YOUTH! she reply'd, this Place belongs to one,
By whom you'll be, and Thousands are undone.
These pleasant Walks, and all these shady Bow'rs,
Are in the Government of dang'rous Pow'rs.
Love's the capricious Master of this Coast;
This fatal Labyrinth, where Fools are lost.
I dwell not here amidst these gaudy Things,
Whose short Enjoyment no true Pleasure brings;
But have an Empire of a nobler Kind:
My regal Seat's in the cœlestial Mind;

Where with a godlike and a peaceful Hand,
 I rule and make those happy I command.
 For, while I govern, all within's at Rest;
 No stormy Passion revels in my Breast:
 But when my Pow'r is despicable grown,
 And rebel Appetites usurp the Throne,
 The Soul no longer quiet Thoughts enjoys,
 But all is Tumult, and eternal Noise.
 Know, Youth! I'm REASON, which you've oft despis'd;
 I am that REASON, which you never priz'd:
 And tho' my Argument successless prove,
 (For REASON seems Impertinence in *Love*)
 Yet I'll not see my Charge (for all Mankind
 Are to my Guardianship by Heav'n assign'd)
 Into the Grasp of any Ruin run,
 That I can warn 'em of, and they may shun.
 Fly, Youth, these guilty Shades; retreat in Time,
 Ere your Mistake's converted to a Crime:
 For Ignorance no longer can atone,
 When once the Error and the Fault is known.
 You thought perhaps, as giddy Youth inclines,
 Imprudently to value all that shines,
 In these Retirements freely to possess
 True Joy, and strong substantial Happiness:
 But here gay FOLLY keeps her Court, and here,
 In Crowds, her tributary Fops appear;
 Who blindly lavish of their golden Days,
 Consume them all in her fallacious Ways.
 Pert Love with her, by joint Commission, rules
 In this capacious Realm of idle Fools;

Who

Who by false Arts, and popular Deceits,
 The careless, fond, unthinking Mortal cheats.
 'Tis easy to descend into the Snare,
 By the pernicious Conduct of the Fair;
 But safely to return from his Abode,
 Requires the Wit, the Prudence of a God:
 Tho' you, who have not tasted that Delight,
 Which only at a Distance charms your Sight,
 May, with a little Toil, retrieve your Heart:
 Which lost is subject to eternal Smart.
 Bright DELIA's Beauty, I must needs confess,
 Is truly great; nor would I make it less:
 That were to wrong her, where she merits most;
 But Dragons guard the Fruit, and Rocks the Coast.
 And who would run, that's moderately wise,
 A certain Danger, for a doubtful Prize?
 If you miscarry, you are lost so far;
 (For there's no erring twice in *Love* and War)
 You'll ne'er recover, but must always wear
 Those Chains you'll find it difficult to bear.
 DELIA has Charms, I own; such Charms would move
 Old Age, and frozen Impotence to *Love*:
 But do not venture, where such Danger lies;
 Avoid the Sight of those victorious Eyes,
 Whose pois'nous Rays do to the Soul impart
 Delicious Ruin, and a pleasing Smart.
 You draw, insensibly, Destruction near;
 And love the Danger, which you ought to fear.
 If the light Pains you labour under now,
 Destroy your Ease, and make your Spirits bow,

You'll find 'em much more grievous to be borne,
 When heavier made by an imperious Scorn ;
 Nor can you hope, she will your Passion hear
 With softer Notions, or a kinder Ear,
 Than those of other Swains ; who always found,
 She rather widen'd than clos'd up the Wound.
 But grant, she should indulge your Flame, and give
 Whate'er you ask, nay, all you can receive ;
 The short-liv'd Pleasure would so quickly cloy,
 Bring such a weak, and such a feeble Joy,
 You'd have but small Encouragement to boast
 The Tinsel Rapture worth the Pains it cost.
 Consider, STREPHON, soberly of Things,
 What strange Inquietudes LOVE always brings !
 The foolish Fears, vain Hopes, and Jealousies,
 Which still attend upon this fond Disease :
 How you must cringe and bow, submit and whine ;
 Call ev'ry Feature, ev'ry Look, Divine :
 Commend each Sentence with an humble Smile ;
 'Tho' Nonsense, swear it is a heav'nly Style :
 Servitely rail at all she disapproves,
 And as ignobly flatter all she loves :
 Renounce your very Sense, and silent sit,
 While she puts off Impertinence for Wit :
 Like Setting-dog, new whipp'd for springing Game,
 You must be made by due Correction, tame.
 But if you can endure the nauseous Rule
 Of Woman, do ; love on, and be a Fool.
 You know the Danger, your own Methods use ;
 The Good or Evil's in your Pow'r to choose :

But

But who'd expect a short and dubious Bliss
 On the Declining of a Precipice ?
 Where if he slips, not Fate itself can save
 The falling Wretch from an untimely Grave:

THOU great Directress of our Minds, said I,
 We safely on your Dictates may rely ;
 And that which you have now so kindly prest,
 Is true, and, without Contradiction, best:
 But with a steady Sentence to controul
 The Heat and Vigour of a youthful Soul,
 While gay Temptations hover in our Sight,
 And daily bring new Objects of Delight,
 Which on us with surprizing Beauty smile,
 Is difficult ; but is a noble Toil.
 The best may slip, and the most cautious fall ;
 He's more than mortal that ne'er err'd at all.
 And tho' fair DELIA has my Soul possess'd,
 I'll chase her bright Idea from my Breast :
 At least, I'll make one Essay. If I fail,
 And DELIA's Charms o'er REASON does prevail,
 I may be, sure, from rigid Censures free,
 LOVE was my Foe ; and LOVE's a Deity.

THEN she rejoin'd ; May you successful prove,
 In your Attempt to curb impetuous LOVE :
 Then will proud Passion own her rightful Lord,
 You to yourself, I to my Throne restor'd :
 But to confirm your Courage, and inspire
 Your Resolution with a bolder Fire,

Follow me, Youth ! I'll shew you that shall move
Your Soul to curse the Tyranny of LOVE.

THEN she convey'd me to a dismal Shade,
Which melancholly Yew and Cypress made ;
Where I beheld an antiquated Pile
Of rugged Building in a narrow Isle ;
The Water round it gave a nauseous Smell,
Like Vapours steaming from a sulph'rous Cell.
The ruin'd Wall, compos'd of stinking Mud,
O'er-grown with Hemlock, on supporters stood ;
As did the Roof, ungrateful to the View :
'Twas both an Hospital, and Bedlam too.
Before the Entrance, mould'ring Bones were spread,
Some Skeletons entire, some lately dead ;
A little Rubbish, loofely scatter'd o'er
Their Bodies uninterr'd, lay round the Door.
No Fun'ral Rites to any here were paid ;
But dead like Dogs into the Dust convey'd.
From hence, by REASONS's Conduct, I was brought,
Thro' various Turnings to a spacious Vault ;
Where I beheld, and 'twas a mournful Sight,
Vast Crowds of Wretches all debarr'd from Light,
But what a few dim Lamps, expiring, had ;
Which made the Prospect more amazing, sad. }
Some wept, some rav'd, some musically mad :
Some swearing loud, and others laughing ; some
Were always talking ; others always dumb.
Here one, a Dagger in his Breast, expires,
And quenches with his Blood his am'rous Fires :

There hangs a second ; and not far remov'd,
A third lies poison'd, who false CELIA lov'd.
All Sorts of Madness, ev'ry Kind of Death,
By which unhappy Mortals lose their Breath,
Were here expos'd before my wand'ring Eyes ;
The sad Effects of Female Treacheries.
Others I saw who were not quite bereft
Of Sense, tho' very small Remains were left,
Cursing the fatal Folly of their Youth,
For trusting to perjurious Woman's Truth.
These on the Left.—Upon the Right, a View
Of equal Horror, equal Mis'ry too ;
Amazing, all employ'd my troubled Thought,
And with new Wonder, new Aversion brought.
There I beheld a wretched, num'rous Throng
Of pale, lean Mortals ; some lay stretch'd along,
On Beds of Straw, disconsolate and poor ;
Others extended naked on the Floor ;
Exil'd from human Pity, here they lie,
And know no End of Mis'ry till they die,
But Death, which comes in gay and prosp'rous Days
Too soon, in Time of Misery delays.

THESE dreadful Spectacles had so much Pow'r,
I vow'd, and solemnly, to *love* no more :
For sure that Flame is kindled from below,
Which breeds such sad Variety of Woe.

THEN we descended, by some few Degrees,
From this stupendous Scene of Miseries ;

Bold

Bold REASON brought me to another Cave,
 Dark as the inmost Chambers of the Grave:
 Here, Youth, she cry'd, in the acutest Pain
 Those Villians lie who have their Fathers slain,
 Stab'd their own Brothers, nay, their Friends, to please
 Ambitious, proud, revengeful Mistresses;
 Who, after all their Services, preferr'd
 Some rugged Fellow of the brawny Herd
 Before those Wretches; who despairing dwell
 In Agonies no human Tongue can tell.
 Darkness prevents the too amazing Sight;
 And you may bless the happy Want of Light.
 But my tormented Ears were fill'd with Sighs,
 Expiring Groans, and lamentable Cries,
 So very sad, I could endure no more;
 Methought I felt the Miseries they bore.

THEN to my Guide, said I, For Pity, now
 Conduct me back; here I confirm my Vow,
 Which if I dare infringe, be this my Fate;
 To die thus wretched, and repent too late.
 The Charms of Beauty I'll no more pursue:
 DELIA, farewell, farewell for ever too.

THEN we return'd to the delightful Grove;
 Where REASON still dissuaded me from LOVE.
 You see, she cry'd, what Misery attends
 On LOVE, and where too frequently it ends;
 And let not that unweildly Passion sway
 Your Soul, which none but whining Fools obey.

The

The masculine, brave Spirit scorns to own
The proud Usurper of my sacred Throne;
Nor, with idolatrous Devotion, pays,
To the false God or Sacrifice or Praise.
The Syren's Music charms the Sailor's Ear;
But he is ruin'd, if he stops to hear:
And, if you listen, Love's harmonious Voice
As much delights, as certainly destroys.
Ambrosia mix'd with *Aconite* may have
A pleasant Taste, but sends you to the Grave:
For tho' the latent Poison may be still
A while, it very seldom fails to kill.
But who'd partake the Food of Gods, to die
Within a Day, or live in Misery?
Who'd eat with Emperors, if o'er his Head
A Poinard hung but by a single Thread? *
Love's Banquets are extravagantly sweet,
And either kill, or surfeit, all that eat;
Who, when the sated Appetite is tir'd,
E'en loath the Thoughts of what they once admir'd.
You've promis'd, STREPHON, to forsake the Charms
Of DELIA, tho' she courts you to her Arms:
And sure I may your Resolution trust;
You'll never want Temptation, but be just.
Vows of this Nature, Youth, must not be broke;
You're always bound, tho' 'tis a gentle Yoke.

* The Feast of DEMOCLES.

Would Men be wise, and my Advice pursue,
Love's Conquest would be small, his Triumphs few :
For nothing can oppose his Tyranny,
With such a Prospect of Success as I.
Me he detests, and from my Presence flies,
Who know his Arts, and Stratagems despise,
By which he cancels mighty Wisdom's Rules,
To make himself the Deity of Fools :
Him dully they adore, him blindly serve ;
Some while they're Sots and others while they starve ;
For those who under his wild Conduct go,
Either come Coxcombs, or he makes 'em so,
His Charms deprive, by their strange Influence,
'The Brave of Courage, and the Wise of Sense :
In vain Philosophy would set the Mind
At Liberty, if once by him confin'd :
The Scholar's Learning, and the Poet's Wit,
A while may struggle, but at last submit :
Well weigh'd Results, and wise Conclusions, seem
But empty Chat, Impertinence, to him :
His Opiates seize so strongly on the Brain,
They make all prudent Application vain :
If therefore, you resolve to live at Ease,
To taste the Sweetness of internal Peace ;
Would not for Safety to a Battle fly,
Or choose a Shipwreck, if afraid to die ;
Far from these pleasurable Shades remove,
And leave the fond, inglorious Toil of LOVE.

THIS

THIS said, she vanish'd, and methought I found
Myself transported to a rising Ground ;
From whence I did a pleasant Vale survey :
Large was the Prospect, beautiful and gay,
There I beheld th' Apartments of Delight,
Whose curious Forms oblig'd the wond'ring Sight;
Some in full View upon the Champain plac'd,
With lofty Walls and cooling Streams embrac'd :
Others, in shady Groves, retir'd from Noise ;
The Seat of private and exalted Joys.
At a great Distance I perceiv'd there stood
A stately Building in a spacious Wood,
Whose gilded Turrets rais'd their beauteous Heads,
High in the Air, to shew the neighb'ring Meads ;
Where vulgar Lovers spend their happy Days,
In rustic Dancing, and delightful Plays.
But while I gaz'd with Admiration round,
I heard from far cœlestial Music sound :
So soft, so moving, so harmonious all
The artful, charming Notes did rise and fall ;
My Soul, transported with the graceful Airs,
Shook off the Pressures of its former Fears :
I felt afresh the little God begin,
To stir himself, and gently move within.
Then I repented I had vow'd, no more
To *love*, or DELIA's beauteous Eyes adore.
Why am I now condemn'd to Banishment,
And made an Exile, by my own Consent ?

I sighing

I sighing cry'd, Why, should I live in Pain
 Those fleeting Hours which ne'er return again ?
 O DELIA ! what can wretched STREPHON do !
 Inhuman to himself, and false to you !
 'Tis true, I've promis'd REASON, to remove
 From these Retreats, and quit bright DELIA's *Love* :
 But is not REASON partially unkind ?
 Are all her Votaries, like me, confin'd ?
 Must none, that under her Dominion live,
 To *Love* and Beauty Veneration give ?
 Why then did Nature youthful DELIA grace
 With a majestick Mien, and charming Face ?
 Why did she give her that surprizing Air ;
 Make her so gay, so witty, and so fair ;
 Mistress of all that can Affection move ;
 If REASON will not suffer us to *love* ?
 But, since it must be so, I'll haste away ;
 'Tis fatal to return, and Death to stay.
 From you blest Shades (if I may call you so
 Inculpable) with mighty Pain, I go :
 Compell'd from hence, I leave my Quiet here ?
 I may find Safety, but I buy it dear.

THEN turning round, I saw a beauteous Boy,
 Such as of old were Messengers of Joy :
 Who art thou, or from whence ? If sent, said I,
 To me, my Haste requires a quick Reply.

I COME, he cry'd, from yon cœlestial Grove,
 Where stands the Temple of the God of LOVE ;

With

With whose important Favour you are grac'd,
And, justly, in his high Protection plac'd :
Be grateful, STREPHON, and obey that God,
Whose Scepter ne'er is chang'd into a Rod :
That God, to whom the Haughty, and the Proud,
The Bold, the Bravest, nay, the Best, have bow'd :
That God, whom all the lesser Gods adore ;
First in Existence, and the first in Pow'r.
From him I come, on Embassy Divine,
To tell thee, DELIA, DELIA may be thine ;
To whom all Beauties rightful Tribute pay :
DELIA, the young, the lovely, and the gay.
If you dare push your Fortune, if you dare
But be resolv'd, and press the yielding Fair ;
Success and Glory will your Labours crown ;
For Fate does rarely on the Valiant frown.
But, were you sure to be unkindly us'd,
Boldly receiv'd, and scornfully refus'd ;
He greater Glory, and more Fame, obtains,
Who loses DELIA, than who PHYLLIS gains.
But, to prevent all Fears that may arise,
(Tho' Fears ne'er move the Daring and the Wife)
In the dark Volumes of eternal Doom,
Where all Things past, and present, and to come,
Are writ, I saw these Words——*It is decreed,*
That STREPHON'S Love to DELIA shall succeed,
What would you more ? While Youth and Vigour last,
Love and be happy ; they decline too fast.
In Youth alone you're capable to prove,
The mighty Transports of a gen'rous *Love* :

For

For dull Old Age, with fumbling Labour, cloy,
 Before the Bliss, or gives the wither'd Joys.
 Youth's the best Time for Action Mortals have :
 That past, they touch the Confines of the Grave.
 Now, if you hope to lie in DELIA's Arms,
 To die in Raptures or dissolve in Charms,
 Quick to the blissful, happy Mansion fly,
 Where all is one continued Extasy.
 DELIA impatiently expects you there :
 And sure you will not disappoint the Fair !
 None but the Impotent, or Old, would stay,
 When LOVE invites, and Beauty calls away.

OH ! you convey, said I, dear charming Boy,
 Into my Soul a strange, disorder'd Joy.
 I would, but dare not, your Advice pursue ;
 I've promis'd REASON, and I must be true,
 REASON's the rightful Empress of the Soul ;
 Does all exorbitant Desires controul ;
 Checks ev'ry wild Excurſion of the Mind,
 By her wise Dictates happily confin'd :
 And he that will not her Commands obey,
 Leaves a safe Convoy in a dang'rous Sea.
 True, I love DELIA to a vast Excess,
 But I must try to make my Passion less :
 Try, if I can ; if possible, I will ;
 For I have vow'd, and must that Vow fulfil.
 Oh ; had I not, with what a vig'rous Flight
 Could I pursue the Quarries of Delight !

How

How could I press fair DELIA in these Arms,
 Till I dissolv'd in *Love*, and she in Charms!
 But now no more must I her Beauties view;
 Yet tremble at the Thought to leave her too.
 What would I give, I might my Flame allow!
 But 'tis forbid by REASON and a Vow;
 Two mighty Obstacles: Tho' Love of old,
 Has broke thro' greater, stronger Pow'r's controul'd.
 Should I offend, by high Example taught,
 'Twould not be an inexplorable Fault.
 The Crimes of Malice have found Grace above;
 And sure kind Heav'n will spare the Crimes of *Love*.
 Could'st thou, my Angel, but instruct me, how
 I might be happy, and not break my Vow;
 Or, by some subtil Art, dissolve the Chain;
 You'd soon revive my dying Hopes again.
 REASON and LOVE, I know could ne'er agree;
 Both would command, and both superior be.
 REASON's supported by the sin'wy Force
 Of solid Argument, and wise Discourse:
 But LOVE pretends to use no other Arms,
 Than soft Impressions, and persuasive Charms.
 One must be disobey'd; and shall I prove
 A Rebel to my REASON, or to LOVE?
 But then, suppose I should my Flame pursue,
 DELIA may be unkind, and faithless too;
 Reject my Passion, with a proud Disdain,
 And scorn the *Love* of such an humble Swain:
 Then should I labour under mighty Grief,
 Beyond all Hopes, or Prospect of Relief.

So

So that, methinks, 'tis safer to obey,
 Right REASON, tho' she bears a rugged Sway,
 Than LOVE's soft Rule; whose Subjects undergo
 Early or late too sad a Share of Woe.
 Can I so soon forget that wretched Crew,
 REASON just now expos'd before my View?
 If DELIA should be cruel, I must be
 A sad Partaker of their Misery.
 But your Encouragements, so strongly move,
 I'm almost tempted to pursue my *Love*:
 For sure, no treacherous Designs should dwell
 In one that argues and persuades so well;
 For, what could LOVE by my Destruction gain?
 LOVE's an immortal God, and I a Swain:
 And sure I may without Suspicion, trust
 A God; for Gods can never be unjust.

RIGHT you conclude, reply'd the smiling Boy;
 LOVE ruins none; 'tis Men themselves destroy:
 And those vile Wretches which you lately saw,
 Transgress'd his Rules, as well as REASON's Law.
 They're not LOVE's Subjects, but the Slaves of *Lust*;
 Nor is their Punishment so great as just.
 For LOVE and *Lust* essentially divide,
 Like Day and Night, Humility and Pride:
 One Darkness hides, t'other does always shine;
 This of infernal Make, and that Divine.
 REASON no gen'rous Passion does oppose;
 'Tis *Lust* (not LOVE) and REASON that are Foes.

She

She bids you scorn a base, inglorious Flame,
Black as the gloomy Shade from whence it came :
In this her Precepts should Obedience find :
But yours is not of that ignoble Kind.
You err, in thinking she would disapprove
The brave Pursuit of honourable Love :
And therefore judge what's harmless, an Offence ;
Invert her Meaning, and mistake her Sense,
She could not such insipid Counsel give,
As not to love at all ; 'tis not to live :
But where bright Virtue and true Beauty lies,
And that in DELIA, charming DELIA's Eyes.
Could you, contented, see th' angelic Maid
In old ALEXIS' dull Embraces laid ?
Or rough-hewn TITYRUS possess those Charms,
Which are in Heav'n, the Heav'n of DELIA's Arms ?
Consider, Youth, what Transport you forego,
The most intire Felicity below ;
Which is by Fate alone reserv'd for you :
Monarchs have been deny'd ; for Monarchs sue ;
I own, 'tis difficult to gain the Prize ;
Or 'twould be cheap, in low ignoble Eyes :
But there is one soft Minute, when the Mind
Is left unguarded, waiting to be kind ;
Which the wise Lover understanding right,
Steals in like Day upon the Wings of Light,
You urge your Vow, but can those Vows prevail,
Whose first Foundation and whose Reason fail ?
You vow'd to leave fair DELIA ; but you thought
Your Passion was a Crime, your Flame a Fault.

But since your Judgment err'd, it has no Force
 To bind at all, but is dissolv'd of Course ;
 And therefore hesitate no longer here,
 But banish all the dull Remains of Fear.
 Dare you be happy, Youth ? But dare, and be ;
 I'll be your Convoy to the charming She,
 What ! still irresolute ? debating still ?
 View her, and then forsake her, if you will.

I'LL go, said I ; once more I'll venture all ;
 'Tis brave to perish by a noble Fall.
 Beauty no Mortal can resist ; and Jove
 Laid by his Grandeur, to indulge his *Love*.
 REASON, if I do err, my Crime forgive :
 Angels alone without offending live.
 I go astray but as the Wise have done ;
 And act a Folly, which they did not shun.

THEN we, descending to a spacious Plain,
 Were soon saluted by a num'rous Train
 Of happy Lovers, who consum'd their Hours,
 With constant Jollity, in shady Bow'rs.
 There I beheld the blest Variety
 Of Joy, from all corroding Troubles free ;
 Each follow'd his own Fancy to Delight ;
 Tho' all went diff'rent Ways, yet all went right.
 None err'd or miss'd the Happiness he sought ;
 LOVE to one Centre ev'ry Twining brought.
 We pass'd thro' num'rous pleasant Fields and Glades,
 By murm'ring Fountains, and by peaceful Shades ;

Till

Till we approach'd the Confines of the Wood,
 Where mighty LOVE's immortal Temple stood,
 Round the cœlestial Fane, in goodly Rows,
 And beauteous Order, am'rous Myrtle grows;
 Beneath whose Shade expecting Lovers wait
 For the kind Minute of indulgent Fate:
 Each had his Guardian CUPID, whose chief Care.
 By secret Motions, was to warm the Fair;
 To kindle eager Longings for the Joy;
 To move the Slow, and to incline the Coy.

THE glorious Fabrick charm'd my wondring Sight;
 Of vast Extent, and of prodigious Height:
 The Case was Marble, but the polish'd Stone,
 With such an admirable Lustre shone,
 As if some Architect Divine had strove
 T'outdo the Palace of imperial Jove,
 The pond'rous Gates of massy Gold were made,
 With Di'monds of a mighty Size inlaid.
 Here stood the winged Guards, in Order plac'd,
 With shining Darts and golden Quivers grac'd,
 As we approach'd they clapp'd their joyful Wings,
 And cry'd aloud, Tune, tune your warbling Strings
 The grateful Youth is come to sacrifice
 At DELIA's Altar to bright DELIA's Eyes;
 With Harmony divine his Soul inspire,
 That he may boldly touch the sacred Fire.
 And ye that wait upon the blushing Fair
 Cœlestial Incense and Perfumes prepare

While our great God her panting Bosom warms,
Refines her Beauties, and improves her Charms.

ENT'RING the spacious Dome, my ravish'd Eyes
A wond'rous Scene of Glory did surprize:
The Riches, Symetry, and Brightness, all
Did equally for Admiration call;
But the Description is a Labour fit
For none beneath a Laureat Angel's Wit.

AMIDST the Temple was an Altar made
Of solid Gold, where Adoration's paid,
Here I perform'd the usual Rites with Fear,
Not daring boldly to approach too near;
'Till from the God a smiling CUPID came,
And bid me touch the consecrated Flame:
Which done, my Guide my eager Steps convey'd
To the Apartment of the beauteous Maid.

BEFORE the Entrance was her Altar rais'd
On Pedestals of polish'd Marble plac'd,
By it her Guardian CUPID always stands,
Who Troops of missionary *Loves* commands;
To him with soft Addresses all repair:
Each for his Captive humbly begs the Fair:
Tho' still in vain they importun'd; for he
Would give Encouragement to none but me.
There stands the Youth, he cry'd, must take the Bliss
The lovely DELIA can be none but his:

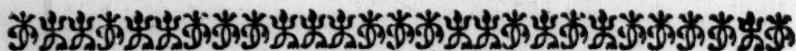
Fate

Fate has selected him ; and mighty *Love*
 Confirms below what that decrees above.
 Then press no more ; there's not another Swain
 On Earth, but *STREPHON*, can bright *DELIA* gain :
 Kneel, Youth, and with a grateful Mind renew
 Your Vows ; swear you'll eternally be true.
 But, if you dare be false, dare perjur'd prove,
 You'll find, in sure Revenge, affronted *Love* }
 As hot, as fierce, as terrible, as *Jove*.
 Hear me, ye Gods, said I, now hear me swear,
 By all that's sacred, and by all that's fair !
 If I prove false to *DELIA*, let me fall
 The common Obloquy, condemn'd by all !
 Let me the utmost of your Vengeance try ;
 Forc'd to live wretched, and unpity'd die !

THEN he expos'd the lovely sleeping Maid,
 Upon a Couch of new blown *Roses* laid.
 The blushing Colour in her Cheeks express'd
 What tender Thoughts inspir'd her heaving Breast.
 Sometimes a Sigh, half smother'd, stole away ;
 Then she would *STREPHON*, charming *STREPHON*, say.
 Sometimes she, smiling, cry'd, You love, 'tis true ;
 But will you always, and be faithful too ?
 Ten thousand Graces play'd about her Face ;
 Ten thousand Charms attending ev'ry Grace :
 Each admirable Feature did impart
 A secret Rapture to my throbbing Heart.

The Nymph * imprison'd in the brazen Tow'r,
 When Jove descended in a Golden Show'r,
 Less beautiful appear'd, and yet her Eyes
 Brought down that God from the neglected Skies,
 So moving, so transporting was the Sight ;
 So much a Goddess DELIA seem'd so bright ;
 My ravish'd Soul, with secret Wonder fraught,
 Lay all dissolv'd in Extasy of Thought.

LONG time I gaz'd ; but as I trembling drew
 Nearer, to take a more obliging View,
 It thunder'd loud, and the ungrateful Noise
 Wak'd me, and put an End to all my Joys.



The FORTUNATE COMPLAINT.

AS STREPHON in a wither'd Cypress Shade,
 For anxious Thought and sighing Lovers made,
 Revolving lay upon his wretched State,
 And the hard Usage of too partial Fate ;
 Thus the sad Youth complain'd : Once happy Swain,
 Now the most abject Shepherd of the Plain !
 Where's that harmonious Concert of Delights,
 Those peaceful Days, and pleasurable Nights,
 That gen'rous Mirth and noble Jollity,
 Which gaily made the dancing Minutes flee ?

* DANAE.

Dispers'd,

Dispers'd and banish'd from my troubled Breast ;
Nor leave me one short Interval of Rest.

WHY do I prosecute a hopeless Flame,
And play in Torment such a losing Game ?
All Things conspire to make my Ruin sure :
When Wounds are mortal, they admit no Cure.
But Heav'n sometimes does a mirac'lous Thing,
When our last Hope is just upon the Wing ;
And in a Moment drives those Clouds away,
Whose sullen Darkness hid a glorious Day.

WHY was I born, or why do I survive ;
To be made wretched only, kept alive ?
Fate is too cruel in the harsh Decree,
That I must live, yet live in Misery.
Are all its pleasing happy Moments gone ?
Must STREPHON be unfortunate alone ?
On other Swains it lavishly bestows ;
On them each Nymph neglected Favour throws :
They meet Compliance still in every Face,
And lodge their Passions in a kind Embrace ;
Obtaining from the soft, incurious Maid,
True Love for Counterfeit, and Gold for Lead.
Success on MÆVIUS always does attend ;
Inconstant Fortune is his constant Friend :
He levels blindly, yet the Mark does hit ;
And owes the Victory to Chance, not Wit.
But, let him conquer ere one Blow he struck.
I'd not be MÆVIUS to have MÆVIUS' Luck.

Proud of my Fate, I would not change my Chains
 For all the Trophies purring MÆVIUS gains ;
 But rather still live DELIA's Slave than be
 Like MÆVIUS filly, and like MÆVIUS free.
 But he is happy ; loves the common Road ;
 And, Pack-horse like, jogs on beneath his Load.
 If PHYLLIS peevish or unkind does prove,
 It ne'er disturbs his grave, mechanic Love,
 A little joy his languid Flame contents,
 And makes him easy under all Events.
 But when a Passion's noble and sublime,
 And higher still would ev'ry Moment climb ;
 If 'tis accepted with a just Return,
 The Fire immortal will for ever burn ;
 And with such Raptures fills the Lover's Breast,
 That Saints in Paradise are scarce more blest,

BUT I lament my Miseries in vain ;
 For DELIA hears me, pitiless, complain.
 Suppose she pities, and believes me true ;
 What Satisfaction can from thence accrue,
 Unless her Pity makes her love me too ?
 Perhaps she loves ('tis but perhaps ; I fear ;
 For that's a Blessing can't be bought too dear)
 If she has Scruples that oppose her Will,
 I must alas ! be miserable still.
 Tho' if she loves ; those Scruples soon will fly
 Before the Reas'ning of the Deity :
 For, where Love enters, he will rule alone,
 And suffer no Copartner in his Throne ;

And

And those false Arguments, that would repel
His high Injunctions, teach us to rebel.

WHAT Method can poor STREPHON then propound,
To cure the Bleeding of his fatal Wound,
If she, who guided the vexatious Dart,
Resolves to cherish and increase the Smart;
Go, Youth, from these unhappy Plains remove,
Leave the Pursuit of unsuccessful Love:
Go, and to foreign Swains thy Grievs relate;
Tell 'em the Cruelty of frowning Fate;
Tell 'em the noble Charms of DELIA's Mind;
Tell 'em how fair, but tell 'em how unkind.
And when few Years thou hast in Sorrow spent,
(For sure they cannot be of large Extent)
In Pray'rs for her thou lov'st resign thy Breath,
And bless the Minute gives thee Ease and Death.

HERE paus'd the Swain—When DELIA, driving by
Her bleating Flock to some fresh Pasture nigh,
By *Love* directed, did her Steps convey
Where STREPHON, wrapp'd in silent Sorrow, lay.
As soon as he perceiv'd the beauteous Maid,
He rose to meet her, and thus, trembling said:

WHEN humble Suppliants would the Gods appease,
And in severe Afflictions beg for Ease,
With constant Importunity they sue,
And their Petitions ev'ry Day renew;

Grow still more earnest, as they are deny'd,
 Not one well-weigh'd Expedient leave untry'd,
 Till Heav'n those Blessings they enjoy'd before,
 Not only does return, but gives 'em more.

O, do not blame me, DELIA ; if I press
 So much, and with Impatience, for Redress.
 My pond'rous Grievs no Ease my Soul allow ;
 For they are next t'intolerable now :
 How shall I then support 'em, when they grow
 To an Excess, to a distracting Woe ?
 Since you're endow'd with a cœlestial Mind,
 Relieve like Heav'n, and, like the Gods, be kind.
 Did you perceive the Torments I endure,
 Which you first caus'd, and you alone can cure,
 They would your Virgin Soul to Pity move ;
 And Pity may at last be chang'd to Love.
 Some Swains, I own, impose upon the Fair,
 And lead th' incautious Maid into a Snare,
 But let them suffer for their Perjury,
 And do not punish others Crimes in me.
 If there's so many of our Sex untrue,
 Yours should more kindly use the faithful Few ;
 Tho' Innocence too oft incurs the Fate
 Of Guilt, and clears itself sometimes too late.

YOUR Nature is to Tenderness inclin'd ;
 And why to me, to me alone, unkind ?
 A common Love by other Persons shewn,
 Meets with a full Return ; but mine has none :

Nay

Nay, scarce believ'd ; tho' from Deceit as free
 As Angels Flames can for Archangels be.
 A Passion feign'd, at no Repulse is griev'd :
 And values little if it ben't receiv'd :
 But, *Love* sincere resents the smallest Scorn.
 And the Unkindness does in secret mourn.

SOMETIMES I please myself, and think you are
 Too good to make me wretched by Despair :
 That Tenderness, which in your Soul is plac'd,
 Will move you to Compassion sure at last,
 But when I come to take a second View
 Of my own Merits, I despond of you :
 For what can DELIA, beauteous DELIA, see,
 To raise in her the least Esteem for me :
 I've nought that can encourage my Address :
 My Fortune's little, and my Worth is less :
 But, if a *Love* of the sublimest Kind
 Can make Impression on a gen'rous Mind :
 If all has real Value that's Divine ;
 There cannot be a nobler Flame than mine.

PERHAPS you pity me : I know you must ;
 And my Affection can no more distrust :
 But what, alas ! will helpless Pity do ?
 You pity, but you may despise me too.
 Still I am wretched, if no more you give,
 The starving Orphan can't on Pity live :
 He must receive the Food for which he cries,
 Or he consumes ; and, tho' much pity'd, dies.

My Torments still do with my Passion grow ;
 The more I love, the more I undergo.
 But suffer me no longer to remain
 Beneath the Pressures of so vast a Pain.
 My Wound requires some speedy Remedy :
 Delays are fatal, when Despair is nigh.
 Much I've endur'd, much more than I can tell :
 Too much, indeed, for one that loves so well.
 When will the End of all my Sorrows be ?
 Can you not love ? I'm sure you pity me.
 But if I must new Miseries sustain,
 And be condemn'd to more and stronger Pain ;
 I'll not accuse You, since my Fate is such,
 I please too little, and I love too much.

STREHPON, no more, the blushing DELIA said ;
 Excuse the Conduct of a tim'rous Maid ;
 Now I'm convinc'd your *Love's* sublime and true,
 Such as I always wish'd to find in you.
 Each kind Expression, ev'ry tender Thought,
 A mighty Transport in my Bosom wrought :
 And tho' in secret I your Flame approv'd,
 I sigh'd and griev'd, but durst not own I lov'd.
 Tho' now—O STREHPON ! be so kind to guess,
 What Shame will not allow me to confess.

THE Youth, encompass'd with a Joy so bright,
 Had hardly Strength to bear the vast Delight.

By

Strephen's *Love for Delia justified*, &c. 37

By too sublime an Extasy possess'd,
He trembled, gaz'd, and clasp'd her to his Breast:
Ador'd the Nymph that did his Pain remove;
Vow'd endless Truth, and everlasting *Love*.



STREPHON'S *Love for DELIA justified*.
In an Epistle to CELADON.

ALL Men have Follies which they blindly trace
Thro' the dark Turnings of a dubious Maze.
But happy those who by a prudent Care,
Retreat betimes from the fallacious Snare.

THE eldest Sons of Wisdom were not free
From the same Failure you condemn in me:
They lov'd; and, by that glorious Passion led,
Forgot what PLATO and themselves had said.
Love triumph'd o'er those dull, pedantick Rules,
They had collected from the wrangling Schools;
And made 'em to his noble Sway submit,
In spite of all their Learning, Art, and Wit:
Their grave, starch'd Morals then unuseful prov'd;
Those dusty Characters he soon remov'd:
For, when his shining Squadrons came in View,
Their boasted *Reason* murmur'd and withdrew;
Unable to oppose their mighty Force.
With flegmatick Resolves, and dry Discourse.

38 *Strephon's Love for Delia justified.*

IF, as the-wifest of the Wife have err'd,
 I go astray, and am condemn'd unheard;
 My Faults you too severely reprehend,
 More like a rigid Censor than a Friend.
Love is the Monarch Passion of the Mind;
 Knows no Superior, by no Laws confin'd;
 But triumphs still, impatient of Controul,
 O'er all the proud Endowments of the Soul.

YOU own'd my DELIA, *Friend*, divinely fair,
 When in the Bud her native Beauties were:
 Your Praise did then her early Charms confess,
 Yet you'd persuade me to adore her less,
 You but the Nonage of her Beauty saw;
 But might from thence sublime Ideas draw;
 And what she is, by what she was, conclude:
 For now she governs those she then subdu'd.

HER Aspect noble and mature is grown,
 And ev'ry Charm in its full Vigour known.
 There we may wond'ring view, distinctly writ,
 The Lines of Goodness, and the Marks of Wit:
 Each Feature, emulous of pleasing most,
 Does, justly, some peculiar Sweetness boast;
 And her Composure's of so fine a Frame,
 Pride cannot hope to mend, nor Envy blame.

WHEN the immortal Beauties of the Skies
 Contended naked for the golden Prize,

The Apple had not fall'n to VENUS' Share,
Had I been PARIS, and my DELIA there :
In whom alone we all their Graces find ;
The moving Gaiety of VENUS, join'd
With JUNO's Aspect, and MINERVA's Mind.

}

VIEW but those Nymphs whom other Swains adore,
You'll value charming DELIA still the more.
DORINDA's Mien's majestick ; but her Mind
Is to Revenge and Peevishness inclin'd :
MYRTYLIA's fair : and yet MYRTYLIA's proud :
CHLOE has Wit ; but noisy, vain, and loud :
MELANIA doats upon the silly't Things ;
And yet MELANIA like an Angel sings.
But, in my DELIA all Endowments meet ;
All that is just, agreeable, or sweet,
All that can Praise and Admiration move ;
All that the Wisest and the Bravest love.

IN all Discourse she's opposite and gay,
And ne'er wants something pertinent to say :
For, if the Subject's of a serious Kind,
Her Thoughts are manly and her Sense refin'd :
But if divertive, her Expression's fit ;
Good Language, join'd with inoffensive Wit :
So cautious always, that she ne'er affords
An idle Thought the Charity of Words.

THE Vices common to her Sex can find
No Room, e'en in the Suburbs of her Mind :

Con-

40 . Strephon's *Love for Delia justified.*

Concluding wisely, she's in Danger still,
From the mere Neighb'rhood of industrious Ill ;
Therefore at Distance keeps the subtil Foe ;
Whose near Approach would formidable grow ;
While the unwary Virgin is undone,
And meets the Mis'ry which she ought to shun.

HER Wit is penetrating, clear, and gay ;
But lets true Judgment and right Reason sway :
Modestly bold, and quick to apprehend :
Prompt in Replies, but cautious to offend.
Her Darts are keen, but levell'd with such Care,
They ne'er fall short, and seldom fly too far :
For when she rallies, 'tis with so much Art,
We blush with Pleasure, and with Rapture smart.

O, CELADON ! you would my Flame approve,
Did you but hear the virgin talk of *Love*.
That tender Passion to her Fancy brings,
The prettiest Notions, and the softest Things ;
Which are by her so movingly exprest,
They fill with Extasy my throbbing Breast.
'Tis then the Charms of Eloquence impart
Their native Glories unimprov'd by Art :
By what she says I measure Things above,
And guess the Language of Seraphic Love.

To the cool Bosom of a peaceful Shade,
By some wild Beech or lofty Poplar made,

When

When Ev'ning comes, we secretly repair,
To breathe in private, and unbend our Care :
And while our Flocks in fruitful Pastures feed,
Some well design'd, instructive Poem read ;
Where useful Morals, with soft Numbers join'd,
At once delight and cultivate the Mind :
Which are by her to more Perfection brought,
By wise Remarks upon the Poet's Thought,
So well she knows the Stamp of Eloquence,
The empty Sound of Words from solid Sense ;
The florid Fustian of a rhyming Spark,
Whose random Arrow ne'er comes near the Mark,
Can't on her Judgment be impos'd, and pass
For standard Gold, when 'tis but gilded Brass.
Oft in the Walks of an adjacent Grove,
Where first we mutually engag'd to love,
She smiling ask'd me, Whether I'd prefer
An humble Cottage on the Plains with her,
Before the pompous Buildings of the Great ;
And find Content in that inferior State ?
Said I, The Question you propose to me,
Perhaps a Matter of Debate might be,
Were the Degrees of my Affection less
Than burning Martyrs to the Gods express.
In you I've all I can desire below,
That Earth can give me, or the Gods bestow ;
And, blest with You, I know not where to find
A second Choice ; You take up all my Mind.
I'd not forsake that dear, delightful Plain,
Where charming DELIA, *Love* and DELIA reign,

For

An Epistle to DELIA.

For all the Splendor that a Court can give,
 Where gaudy Fools and busy Statesmen live.
 Tho' youthful PARIS, when his Birth was known,
 (Too fatally related to a Throne)
 Forsook CENONE and his rural Sports,
 For dang'rous Greatness, and tumult'ous Courts;
 Yet Fate should still offer its Pow'r in vain :
 For what is Pow'r to such an humble Swain ?
 I would not leave my DELIA, leave my *Fair*,
 Tho' half the Globe should be assign'd my Share.

AND would you have me, *Friend*, reflect again ?
 Become the basest and the worst of Men ?
 O, do not urge me, CELADON, forbear ?
 I cannot leave her : She's too charming fair !
 Should I your Counsel in this Case pursue,
 You might suspect me for a Villain too :
 For sure that perjur'd Wretch can never prove
 Just to his *Friend*, who's faithless to his Love.

*An Epistle to DELIA.*

AS those who hope hereafter Heav'n to share,
 A rig'rous Exile here can calmly bear,
 And, with collected Spirits, undergo
 The sad Variety of Pain below ;
 Yet, with intense Reflections, antedate
 The mighty Raptures of a future State ;
 While the bright Prospect of approaching Joy
 Creates a Bliss no Trouble can destroy : So

So, tho' I'm tofs'd by giddy Fortune's Hand,
Ev'n to the Confines of my native Land ;
Where I can hear the stormy Ocean roar,
And break its Waves upon the foaming Shore :
Tho' from my DELIA banish'd ; all that's dear,
That's good, or beautiful, or charming here :
Yet flatt'ring Hopes encourage me to live,
And tell me Fate will kinder Minutes give ;
That the dark Treasury of Time contains
A glorious Day will finish all my Pains :
And while I contemplate on Joys to come,
My Griefs are silent, and my Sorrows dumb.
Believe me *Nymph*, believe me charming Fair,
(When Truth's conspicuous, we need not swear ;
Oaths will suppose a Diffidence in you,
That I am false, my Flame fictitious too)
Were I condemn'd by Fate's imperial Pow'r,
Ne'er to return to your Embraces more,
I'd scorn whate'er the busy World could give ;
'Twould be the worst of Miseries to live ;
For all my Wishes and Desires pursue,
All I admire, or covet here ; is You.
Were I possess'd of your surprizing Charms,
And lodg'd again within my DELIA's Arms ;
Then would my Joys ascend to that Degree,
Could Angels envy, they would envy me.

OFt, as I wander in a silent Shade,
When bold Vexations would my Soul invade,

I banish

I banish the rough Thought, and none pursue,
 But what inclines my willing Mind to you.
 The soft Reflections on your sacred Love,
 Like sov'reign Antidotes, all Cares remove ;
 Composing ev'ry Faculty to Rest,
 They leave a grateful Flavour in my Breast.

RETIR'D sometimes into a lonely Grove,
 I think o'er all the Stories of our Love.
 What mighty Pleasure have I oft possess'd,
 When in a masculine Embrace, I prest
 The lovely DELIA to my heaving Breast !
 Then I remember, and with vast Delight,
 The kind Expressions of the parting Night :
 Methought the Sun too quick return'd again,
 And Day seem'd ne'er impertinent till then.
 Strong and contracted was our eager Bliss ;
 An Age of Pleasure in each gen'rous Kiss :
 Years of Delight in Moments we compriz'd ;
 And Heav'n itself was there epitomiz'd.

BUT, when the Glories of the eastern Light
 O'erflow'd the twinkling Tapers of the Night,
 Farewel, my DELIA, O farewel ! said I,
 The utmost Period of my Time is nigh :
 Too cruel Fate forbids my longer Stay,
 And wretched STREPHON is compell'd away.
 But, tho' I must my native Plains forego,
 Forfake these Fields, forsake my DELIA too,

No

No Change of fickle Fortune e'er shall move
The settled Base of my immortal Love.

AND must my STREPHON, must my faithful Swain,
Be forc'd, you cry'd, to a remoter Plain !
The Darling of my Soul so soon remov'd !
The only valu'd and the best belov'd !
Tho' other Swains to me themselves address'd,
STREPHON was still distinguish'd from the rest :
Flat and insipid all their Courtship seem'd ;
Little themselves, their Passions less, esteem'd ;
For my Aversion with their Flames increas'd.
And none but STREPHON partial DELIA pleas'd.
Tho' I'm depriv'd of my kind Shepherd's Sight,
Joy of the Day, and Blessing of the Night ;
Yet will you STREPHON, will you love me still ?
However, flatter me and say you will.
For, should you entertain a rival Love ;
Should you unkind to me, or faithless prove ;
Nor Mortal e'er could half so wretched be :
For sure no Mortal ever lov'd like me.

YOUR Beauty, Nymph, said I, my Faith secures ;
Those you once conquer, must be always yours :
For, Hearts subdu'd by your victorious Eyes,
No Force can storm, no Stratagem surprize ;
Nor can I of Captivity complain,
While lovely DELIA holds the glorious Chain.
The *Cyprian* Queen, in young ADONIS' Arms,
Might fear, at least, he would despise her Charms ;

But, I can never such a Monster prove,
 To slight the Blessings of my DELIA's Love.
 Would those who at cœlestial Tables sit,
 Blest with immortal Wine, immortal Wit,
 Choose to descend to some inferior Board,
 Which nought but Stum and Nonsense can afford ?
 Nor can I e'er to those gay Nymphs address,
 Whose Pride is greater, and whose Charms are less :
 Their Tinsel Beauty, may perhaps, subdue
 A gaudy Coxcomb, or a fulsome Beau ;
 But seem at best indifferent to me,
 Who none but you with Admiration see.

Now, would the rolling Orbs obey my Will,
 I'd make the Sun a second Time stand still,
 And to their lower World their Light repay,
 When conqu'ring JOSHUA robb'd 'em of a Day :
 Tho' our two Souls would diff'rent Passions prove ;
 His was a Thirst of *Glory*, mine of *Love*.
 It will not be ; the Sun makes haste to rise,
 And take Possession of the eastern Skies ;
 Yet one more Kiss, tho' Millions are too few ;
 And DELIA, since we must, must part, Adieu.

As ADAM, by an injur'd MAKER driv'n
 From EDEN's Groves, the Vicinage of Heav'n ;
 Compell'd to wander, and oblig'd to bear
 The harsh Impressions of a ruder Air ;
 With mighty Sorrow, and with weeping Eyes,
 Look'd back, and mourn'd the Loss of Paradise :

With

With a Concern like his did I review
My native Plains, my charming DELIA too;
For I left Paradise in leaving You.

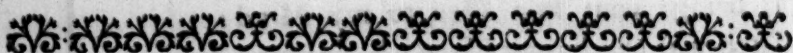
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IF, as I walk, a pleasant Shade I find,
It brings your fair Idea to my Mind:
Such was the happy Place, I, sighing, say,
Where I and DELIA, lovely DELIA, lay,
When first I did my tender Thoughts impart,
And made a grateful Present of my Heart.
Or, if my Friend, in his Apartment, shews
Some Piece of VANDYKE's, or of ANGELO's,
In which the Artist has, with wond'rous Care,
Describ'd the Face of One exceeding fair;
Tho', at first Sight, it may my Passion raise,
And ev'ry Feature I admire and praise;
Yet still, methinks, upon a second View,
'Tis not so beautiful, so fair as you.
If I converse with those whom most admit
To have a ready, gay, vivacious, Wit;
They want some amiable, moving Grace,
Some Turn of Fancy that my DELIA has:
For ten good Thoughts amongst the Crowd they vent,
Methinks ten Thousand are impertinent.

LET other Shepherds, that are prone to range,
With each Caprice, their giddy Humours change:
They from Variety, less Joys receive,
Than you alone are capable to give.
Nor will I envy those ill judging Swains,
(What they enjoy's the Refuse of the Plains)

If

If, for my Share of Happiness below,
 Kind Heav'n upon me DELIA would bestow ;
 Whatever Blessings it can give beside,
 Let all Mankind among themselves divide.



A PASTORAL ESSAY on the Death of
Queen MARY, Anno 1694.

AS gentle STREPHON to his Fold convey'd,
 A wand'ring Lamb, which from the Flocks had
 Beneath a mournful Cypress Shade he found (stray'd
 COSMELIA weeping on the dewy Ground,
 Amaz'd, with eager Haste, he ran to know
 The fatal Cause of her intemp'rate Woe ;
 And, clasping her to his impatient Breast,
 In these soft Words his tender Care exprest.

STREPHON.

WHY mourns my dear COSMELIA ? Why appears
 My Life, my Soul, dissolv'd in briny Tears ?
 Has some fierce Tyger thy lov'd Heifer slain,
 While I was wand'ring on the neighb'ring Plain ?
 Or has some greedy Wolf devour'd thy Sheep ?
 What sad Misfortune makes COSMELIA weep ?
 Speak, that I may prevent thy Grief's Increase,
 Partake thy Sorrows, or restore thy Peace.

COSME-

C O S M E L I A.

Do you not hear from far that mournful Bell?
'Tis for—I cannot the sad Tidings tell.
Oh, whither are my fainting Spirits fled:
'Tis for CÆLESTIA—STREPHON, Oh—She's dead!
The brightest Nymph, the Princess of the Plain,
By an untimely Dart, untimely slain!

S T R E P H O N.

DEAD! 'Tis impossible! She cannot die:
She's too divine, too much a Deity:
'Tis a false Rumour some ill Swains have spread,
Who wish, perhaps, the good CÆLESTIA dead.

C O S M E L I A.

AH! No; the Truth in ev'ry Face appears:
For ev'ry Face you meet's o'erflow'd with Tears.
Trembling and pale, I ran thro' all the Plain,
From Flock to Flock, and ask'd of every Swain,
But each, scarce lifting his dejected Head,
Cry'd, Oh, COSMELIA! Oh, CÆLESTIA's dead?

S T R E P H O N.

SOMETHING was meant by that ill-brooding Croak
Of the prophetick Raven from the Oak,
Which straight by Lightning was in Shivers broke. }
D But

50 *A PASTORAL ESSAY*

But we our Mischief feel, before we see;
Seiz'd and o'erwhelm'd at once with Misery.

C O S M E L I A.

SINCE then we have no Trophies to bestow,
No pompous Things to make a glorious Shew,
(For all the Tribute a poor Swain can bring,
In rural Numbers, is to mourn and sing)
Let us, beneath the gloomy Shade rehearse
CÆLESTIA's sacred Name in no less sacred Verse.

S T R E P H O N.

CÆLESTIA's dead! Then 'tis in vain to live,
What's all the Comfort that the Plains can give.
Since She, by whose bright Influence alone
Our Flocks increas'd, and we rejoic'd is gone:
Since she, who round such Beams of Goodness spread
As gave new Life to ev'ry Swain, is dead?

C O S M E L I A.

IN vain we wish for the delightful Spring;
What Joys can flow'r'y *May* or *April* bring,
When she, for whom the spacious Plains were spread
With early Flow'rs and chearful Greens, is dead?
In vain did courtly DAMON warm the Earth,
To give to Summer Fruits a Winter Birth;

In

On the Death of Queen MARY. 51

In vain we Autumn wait, which crowns the Fields
Which wealthy Crops, and various Plenty yields;
Since that fair Nymph, for whom the boundless Store
Of Nature was preserv'd, is now no more.

STREPHON.

FAREWELL for ever then to all that's gay:
You will forget to sing, and I to play.
No more with chearful Songs, in cooling Bowers;
Shall we consume the pleasurable Hours.
All Joys are banish'd, all Delights are fled,
Ne'er to return, now fair CÆLESTIA's dead.

COSMELIA.

If e'er I sing, they shall be mournful Lays
Of great CÆLESTIA's Name, CÆLESTIA's Praise:
How good she was, how generous, how wise!
How beautiful her Shape, how bright her Eyes!
How charming all; how much she was ador'd
Alive; when dead, how much her Loss deplor'd!
A noble Theme, and able to inspire
The humblest Muse with the sublimest Fire.
And, since we do of such a Princess sing,
Let ours ascend upon a stronger Wing;
And, while we do the lofty Numbers join,
Her Name will make the Harmony Divine.
Raise then thy tuneful Voice; and be the Song
Sweet as her Temper, as her Virtue strong.

D 2

SRE-

STREPHON.

WHEN her great Lord to foreign Wars was gone,
 And left CÆLESTIA here to rule alone ;
 With how serene a Brow, how void of Fear,
 When Storms arose, did she the Vessel steer !
 And, when the raging of the Waves did cease,
 How gentle was her Sway in Times of Peace !
 Justice and Mercy did their Beams unite,
 And round her Temples spread a glorious Light :
 So quick she eas'd the Wrongs of ev'ry Swain,
 She hardly gave them Leisure to complain,
 Impatient to reward, but slow to draw
 Th'avenging Sword of necessary Law :
 Like Heav'n, She took no Pleasure to destroy :
 With Grief She punished, and she sav'd with Joy.

COSMELIA.

WHEN Godlike BELIGER, from War's Alarms,
 Return'd in Triumph to CÆLESTIA's Arms,
 She met her Hero with a full Desire :
 But chaste as Light, and victorious as Fire :
 Such mutual Flames, so equally Divine,
 Did in each Breast with such a Lustre shine,
 His could not seem the greater, her's the less ;
 Both were immense, for both were in Excess.

STRE-

STREPHON.

OH, Godlike Princess ! Oh, thrice happy Swains !
Whilst She presided o'er the fruitful Plains !
Whilst she, for ever ravish'd from our Eyes
To mingle with the Kindred of the Skies,
Did for your Peace her constant Thoughts employ ;
'The Nymph's good Angel, and the Shepherd's Joy !

COSMELIA.

ALL that was noble beautify'd her Mind ;
There Wisdom sat, with solid Reason join'd :
There too did Piety and Greatness wait :
Meekness on Grandeur, Modesty on State :
Humble amidst the Splendors of a Throne ;
Plac'd above all, and yet despising none.
And when a Crown was forc'd on her by Fate,
She with some Pains submitted to be Great.

STREPHON.

HER pious Soul with Emulation strove
To gain the mighty PAN's important Love :
To whose mysterious Rites she always came,
With such an active, so intense a Flame,
The Duties of Religion seem'd to be
No more her Care than her Felicity.

COSMELIA.

VIRTUE unmix'd, without the least Allay,
 Pure as the Light of a cœlestial Ray,
 Commanded all the Motions of the Soul
 With such a soft, but absolute Controul,
 That as she knew what best Great PAN would please,
 She still perform'd it with the greatest Ease.
 Him for her high Exemplar She design'd,
 Like Him, benevolent to all Mankind.
 Her Foes She pity'd, not desired their Blood :
 And, to revenge their Crimes, She did them Good :
 Nay, all Affronts, so unconcern'd, she bore,
 (Maugre that violent Temptation, Pow'r)
 As if She thought it vulgar to resent,
 Or wish'd Forgiveness their worst Punishment.

STREPHON.

NEXT mighty PAN, was her Illustrious Lord,
 His high Vicegerent, sacredly ador'd :
 Him with such Piety and Zeal She lov'd,
 The noble Passion ev'ry Hour improv'd :
 Till it ascended to that glorious Height,
 'Twas next (if only next) to infinite.
 This made Her so entire a Duty pay.
 She grew at last impatient to obey ;
 And met his Wishes with as prompt a Zeal
 As an Archangel his Creator's Will.

COSME-

COSMELIA.

MATURE for Heav'n, the fatal Mandate came,
With it a Chariot of ethereal Flame ;
In which, ELIJAH like, She pass'd the Spheres ;
Brought Joy to Heav'n, but left the World in Tears.

STREPHON.

METHINKS I see Her on the Plains of Light,
All glorious, all incomparably bright !
While the immortal Minds around her gaze
On the excessive Splendor of her Rays ;
And scarce believe a human Soul could be
Endow'd with such stupendous Majesty.

COSMELIA.

WHO can lament too much ! O, who can mourn
Enough o'er beautiful CÆLESTIA's Urn ?
So great a Loss as this deserves Excess
Of Sorrows ; all's too little that is less.
But, to supply the universal Woe,
Tears from all Eyes, without Cessation flow :
All that have Power to weep, or Voice to groan,
With throbbing Breasts, CÆLESTIA's Fate bemoan ;
While Marble Rocks the common Grievs partake,
And echo back those Cries they cannot make.

56 A PASTORAL ESSAY, &c.

STREPHON.

WEEP then (once fruitful Vales) and spring with Yew!
Ye thirsty, barren Mountains, weep with Dew!
Let ev'ry Flow'r on this extended Plain
Now droop, and shrink into its Womb again,
Ne'er to receive anew its yearly Birth!
Let ev'ry Thing that's grateful leave the Earth!
Let mournful Cypress, with each noxious Weed,
A baneful Venom, in their Place succeed!
Ye purling, quer'lous Brooks, o'ercharg'd with Grief,
Haste swiftly to the Sea for more Relief;
Then tiding back, each to his sacred Head,
Tell your astonish'd Springs, CÆLESTIA's dead!

COSMELIA.

WELL have you sung in an exalted Strain,
The fairest Nymph e'er grac'd the *British* Plain,
Who knows but some officious Angel may
Your grateful Numbers to her Ears convey?
That she may smile upon us from above,
And bless our mournful Plains with Peace and Love.

STREPHON.

BUT see, our Flocks do to their Fold repair;
For Night with sable Clouds obscures the Air:
Cold Damps descend from the unwholesome Sky,
And Safety bids us to our Cottage fly,

Tho'

Tho' with each Morn our Sorrows will return ;
Each eve, like Nightingales, we'll sing and mourn,
Till Death conveys us to the peaceful Urn. }

*To his FRIEND under Affliction.*

NONE lives in this tumult'ous State of Things,
Where ev'ry Morning some new Trouble brings,
But bold Inquietudes will break his Rest,
And gloomy Thoughts disturb his anxious Breast.
Angelick Forms, and happy Spirits, are
Above the Malice of perplexing Care :
But that's a Blessing too sublime, too high
For those who bend beneath Mortality.
If in the Body there was but one Part
Subject to Pain, and sensible of Smart,
And but one Passion could torment the Mind ;
That Part, that Passion, busy Fate would find :
But since Infirmities in both abound,
Since Sorrow both so many Ways can wound :
'Tis not so great a Wonder that we grieve
Sometimes, as 'tis a Miracle we live.

THE happ'ft Man that ever breath'd on Earth,
With all the Glories of Estate and Birth,
Had yet some anxious Care, to make him know,
No Grandeur was above the Reach of Woe,

To be from all Things that disquiet, free,
 Is not consistent with Humanity.
 Youth, Wit, and Beauty are such charming Things,
 O'er which, if Affluence spreads her gaudy Wings,
 We think the Person who enjoys so much,
 No Care can move, and no Affliction touch.
 Yet could we but some secret Method find
 To view the dark Recesses of the Mind,
 We there might see the hidden Seeds of Strife,
 And Woes in Embryo rip'ning into Life:
 How some fierce Lust, or boist'rous Passion fills
 The lab'ring Spirit with prolific Ills;
 Pride, Envy or Revenge, distract the Soul,
 And all right Reason's godlike Powers controul.
 But if she must not be allow'd to sway
 Tho' all without appears serene and gay,
 A cank'rous Venom on the Vitals preys,
 And poisons all the Comforts of his Days.

EXTERNAL Pomp and visible Success
 Sometimes contribute to our Happiness:
 But that which makes it genuine and refin'd,
 Is a good Conscience and a Soul resign'd.
 Then to whatever End Affliction's sent,
 To try our Virtues, or for Punishment,
 We bear it calmly, tho' a pond'rous Woe,
 And still adore the Hand that gives the Blow:
 For in Misfortunes this Advantage lies;
 They make us humble, and they make us wise:

And he that can acquire such Virtues, gains
An ample Recompence for all his Pains.

Too soft Caresses of a prosp'rous Fate
The pious Fervours of the Soul abate ;
Tempt to luxurious Ease our careless Days
And gloomy Vapour round the Spirits raise.
Thus lull'd into a Sleep, we dosing lie,
And find our Ruin in Security ;
Unless some Sorrow comes to our Relief,
And breaks th' Inchantment by a timely Grief.
But as we are allow'd, to chear our Sight,
In blackest Days, some Glimmerings of Light ;
So, in the most dejected Hours we may
The secret Pleasure have to weep and pray :
And those Requests the speedy'st Passage find
To Heav'n, which flow from an afflicted Mind :
And while to him we open our Distress,
Our Pains grow lighter, and our Sorrows less.
The finest Musick of the Grove we owe
To mourning PHILOMEL's harmonious Woe ;
And while her Grief's in charming Notes express,
A thorny Bramble pricks her tender Breast ;
In warbling Melody she spends the Night,
And moves at once Compassion and Delight.

No Choice had e'er so happy an Event,
But he that made it did that Choice repent.
So weak's our Judgment, and so short's our Sight,
We cannot level our own Wishes right ?

60 *To another Friend under Affliction.*

And if sometimes we make a wise Advance,
T'ourselves we little owe, but much to Chance ;
So that when Providence, for secret Ends,
Corroding Cares, or sharp Affliction sends ;
We must conclude it best it should be so,
And not desponding or impatient grow,
For he that will his Confidence remove
From boundless Wisdom and eternal Love,
To place it on himself, or human Aid,
Will meet those Woes he labours to evade.
But, in the keenest Agonies of Grief,
Content's a Cordial that still gives Relief,
Heav'n is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes ;
And, if with humble Spirits they complain,
Relieves the Anguish, or rewards the Pain.



To another Friend under Affliction.

SINCE the first Man by Disobediencē, fell
An easy Conquest to the Pow'rs of Hell,
There's none in ev'ry Stage of Life can be
From the Insults of bold Affliction free.
If a short Respite gives us some Relief,
And interrupts the Series of our Grief.
So quick the Pangs of Misery return,
We joy by Minutes, but by Years we mourn.

REASON refin'd, and to Perfection brought,
By wise Philosophy, and serious Thought,
Supports the Soul beneath the pond'rous Weight
Of angry Stars, and unpropitious Fate;
Then is the Time she should exert her Pow'r,
And make us practice what she taught before.
For why are such voluminous Authors read,
The learned Labours of the famous Dead,
But to prepare the Mind for its Defence,
By sage Results, and well digested Sense;
That when the Storm of Misery appears,
With all its real or fantastic Fears,
We either may the rolling Danger fly,
Or stem the Tide before it swells too high.

BUT tho' the Theory of Wisdom's known
With Ease, what should, and what should not be done:
Yet all the Labour in the Practice lies,
To be, in more than Words and Notion, wise.
The sacred Truth of sound Philosophy
We study early, but we late apply.
When stubborn Anguish seizes on the Soul,
Right Reason would its haughty Rage controul;
But if it mayn't be suffer'd to endure
The Pain is just, when we reject the Cure.
For, many Men, close Observation finds,
Of copious Learning, and exalted Minds,
Who tremble at the Sight of daring Woes,
And stoop ignobly to the vilest Foes;

As

62 *To another Friend under Affliction.*

As if they understood not how to be
Or wise, or brave, but in Felicity ;
And by some Action, servile or unjust,
Lay all their former Glories in the Dust:
For Wisdom first the wretched Mortal flies,
And leaves him naked to his Enemies :
So that, when most his Prudence should be shewn
The most imprudent, giddy Things are done ;
For when the Mind's surrounded with Distress,
Fear or Inconstancy the Judgment press,
And render it incapable to make
Wise Resolutions, or good Counsels take.
Yet there's a Steadiness of Soul and Thought,
By Reason bred, and by Religion taught,
Which like a Rock amidst the stormy Waves,
Unmov'd remains, and all Affliction braves.

In sharp Misfortunes, some will search too deep
What Heav'n prohibits, and would secret keep :
But those Events 'tis better not to know,
Which, known, serve only to increase our Woe.
Knowledge forbid ('tis dang'rous to pursue)
With Guilt begins, and ends with Ruin too.
For, had our early 'st Parents been content
Not to know more than to be innocent,
Their Ignorance of Evil had preserv'd
Their Joys entire ; for then they had not swerv'd.
But they imagin'd (their Desires were such)
They knew too little, till they knew too much.

E'er

E'er since by Folly most to Wisdom rise ;
And few are, but by sad Experience, wise.

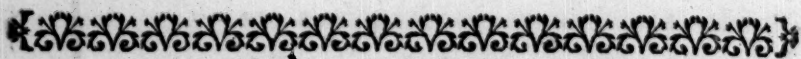
CONSIDER, *Friend!* who all your Blessings gave,
What are recall'd again, and what you have ;
And do not murmur when you are bereft
Of Little, if you have Abundance left.
Consider too, how many thousands are
Under the worst of Miseries, Despair ;
And don't repine at what you now endure ;
Custom will give you ease, or Time will cure.
Once more consider, that the present Ill,
Tho' it be great, may yet be greater still ;
And be not anxious : for, to undergo
One Grief, is nothing to a num'rous Woe.
But since it is impossible to be
Human, and not expos'd to Misery,
Bear it, my *Friend*, as bravely as you can :
You are not more, and be not less than Man !

AFFLICTIONS past can no Existence find,
But in the wild Ideas of the Mind :
And why should we for those Misfortunes mourn,
Which have been suffer'd, and can ne'er return ;
Those that have weather'd a tempest'ous Night,
And find a Calm approaching with the Light,
Will not, unless their Reason they disown,
Still make those Dangers present that are gone.
What is behind the Curtain none can see ;
It may be Joy : Suppose it Misery ;

'Tis

64 *To his Friend inclined to Marry.*

'Tis future still ; and that which is not here,
 May never come, or we may never bear.
 Therefore the present Ill alone we ought
 To view, in Reason, with a troubled Thought :
 But, if we may the sacred Pages trust,
 He's always *happy*, that is always *just*.



To his FRIEND inclined to Marry.

I WOULD not have you, STREPHON, choose a Mate
 From too exalted, or too mean a State ;
 For in both these we may expect to find
 A creeping Spirit, or a haughty Mind.
 Who moves within the middle Region, shares
 The least Disquiets, and the smallest Cares.
 Let her Extraction with true Lustre shine ;
 If something brighter, not too bright for thine :
 Her Education liberal, not great ;
 Neither inferior, nor above her State:
 Let her have Wit ; but let that Wit be free
 From Affectation, Pride and Pedantry :
 For the Effect of Woman's Wit is such,
 Too little is as dang'rous as too much,
 But chiefly let her Humour close with thine ;
 Unless where yours does to a Fault incline ;
 The least Disparity in this destroys,
 Like sulph'rous Blasts, the very Buds of Joys.

Her

Her Person amiable, straight and free
 From natural, or chance, Deformity.
 Let not her Years exceed, if equal thine;
 For Women past their Vigour, soon decline.
 Her Fortune competent; and if thy Sight
 Can reach so far, take Care 'tis gather'd right.
 If thine's enough, then her's may be the less:
 Do not aspire to Riches in Excess.
 For that which makes our Lives delightful prove,
 Is a genteel *Sufficiency* and *Love*.



To a PAINTER *drawing* DORINDA'S
 PICTURE.

PAINTER, the utmost of thy Judgment shew;
 Exceed ev'n TITIAN, and great ANGELO:
 With all the Liveliness of Thought express
 The moving Features of DORINDA's Face.
 Thou can'st not flatter, where such Beauties dwell;
 Her Charms thy Colours, and thy Art, excel.
 Others less fair, may from thy Pencil have
 Graces, which sparing Nature never gave:
 But in DORINDA's Aspect thou wilt see
 Such as will pose thy famous Art, and Thee;
 So great; so many in her Face unite,
 So well proportion'd and so wond'rous bright,
 No human Skill can e'er express them all,
 But must do Wrong to th' fair Original.

An Angel's Hand alone the Pencil fits,
To mix the Colours, when an Angel sits.

THY Picture may as like DORINDA be
As Art of Man can paint a Deity ;
And justly may, perhaps, when she withdraws,
Excite our Wonder, and deserve Applause :
But when compar'd, you'll be oblig'd to own,
No Art can equal what's by Nature done.
Great LELY's noble Hand, excell'd by few,
The Picture fairer than the Person drew :
He took the best that Nature could impart,
And made it better by his pow'rful Art.
But, had he seen that bright, surprizing Grace,
Which spreads itself o'er all DORINDA's Face,
Vain had been all the Essays of his Skill ;
She must have been confest the fairest still.

HEAV'N in a Landkip may be wondrous fine,
And look as bright as painted Light can shine ;
But still, the real Glories of the Place
All Art, by infinite Degrees, surpass.



*To the PAINTER, after he had finished
DORINDA's PICTURE.*

PAINTER, thou hast perform'd what Man can do ;
Only DORINDA's Self more Charms can shew.

Bold

Bold are thy Strokes, and delicate each Touch ;
 But still the Beauties of her Face are such
 As cannot justly be describ'd ; tho' all
 Confess 'tis like the bright Original.
 In Her, and in thy Picture, we may view
 The utmost Nature, or that Art can do ;
 Each is a Master-piece, design'd so well,
 That future Times may strive to parallel ;
 But neither Art nor Nature's able to excel.

}



CRUELTY *and* LUST. *An Epistolary*
 ESSAY*.

WHERE can the wretched't of all Creatures fly,
 To tell the Story of her Misery ?
 Where, but to faithful CELIA, in whose Mind
 A manly Brav'ry's with soft Pity join'd.
 I fear these Lines will scarce be understood,
 Blurr'd with incessant Tears, and writ in Blood :
 But if you can the mournful Pages read,
 The sad Relation shews you such a Deed,
 As all the Annals of th' infernal Reign
 Shall strive to equal, or exceed, in vain.

* This Piece was occasioned by the Barbarity of KIRK, a Commander in the *Western Rebellion*, 1685, who debauched a young Lady, with a Promise to save her Husband's Life, but hang'd him the next Morning.

NERONIOR's Fame, no doubt, has reach'd your Ears
 Whose Cruelty has caus'd a Sea of Tears ;
 Fill'd each lamenting Town with Fun'ral Sighs,
 Deploring Widows Shrieks, and Orphans Cries.
 At ev'ry Health the horrid Monster quaff'd,
 Ten Wretches dy'd ; and as they dy'd, he laugh'd :
 Till tir'd with acting Devil, he was led,
 Drunk with Excess of Blood and Wine to Bed.
 Oh, cursed Place !——I can no more command
 My Pen: Shame and Confusion shake my Hand :
 But I must on, and let my CELIA know
 How barb'rous are my Wrongs, how vast my Woe.

AMONGST the Crowds of *Western* Youths who ran
 To meet the brave, betray'd unhappy Man,*
 My Husband, fatally uniting, went ;
 Unus'd to Arms, and thoughtless of th' Event.
 But when the Battle was by Treachery won,
 The Chief, and all but his false Friend, undone ;
 Tho', in the Tumult of that desprate Night,
 He 'scap'd the dreadful Slaughter of the Fight :
 Yet the sagacious Blood-hounds, skill'd too well
 In all the murd'ring Qualities of Hell,
 Each secret Place so regularly beat,
 They soon discover'd his unsafe Retreat.
 As hungry Wolves triumphing o'er their Prey,
 To sure Destruction hurry them away ;

* The Duke of MONMOUTH,

So the Purveyors of fierce MOLOC's Son
 With CHARION to the common Butch'ry run;
 Where proud NERONIOR by his Gibbet stood,
 To glut himself with fresh Supplies of Blood.
 Our Friends, by pow'rful Intercession, gain'd
 A short Reprieve, but for three Days obtain'd,
 To try all Ways might to Compassion move
 The savage Gen'ral; but in vain they strove.
 When I perceiv'd that all Addressees fail'd,
 And nothing o'er his stubborn Soul prevail'd;
 Distracted almost, to his Tent I flew,
 To make the last Effort that Tears could do,
 Low on my Knees I fell; then thus began:
 Great Genius of Success, thou more than Man!
 Whose Arms to ev'ry Clime have Terror hurl'd,
 And carry'd Conquest round the trembling World!
 Still may the brightest Glories Fame can lend,
 Your Sword, your Conduct, and your Cause attend,
 Here now the Arbiter of Fate you sit,
 While suppliant Slaves their Rebel Heads submit.
 Oh, pity the Unfortunate! and give
 But this one Thing: Oh, let but CHARION live!
 And take the little all that we possess.
 I'll bear the meagre Anguish of Distress;
 Content, nay pleas'd, to beg, or earn my Bread,
 Let CHARION live, no matter how I'm fed.
 The Fall of such a Youth, no Lustre brings
 To him whose Sword performs such wondrous Things }
 As saving Kingdoms, and supporting Kings.

That

That Triumph only with true Grandeur shines,
Where godlike Courage, godlike Pity joins.
CÆSAR the eldest Favourite of War,
Took not more Pleasure to subdue than spare:
And, since in Battle you can greater be;
That over, ben't less merciful than he.
Ignoble Spirits by Revenge are known;
And cruel Actions spoil the Conq'rors Crown:
In future Hist'ries fill each mournful Page
With Tales of Blood, and Monuments of Rage:
And while his Annals are with Horror read,
Men curse him living, and detest him dead.
Oh! do not sully with a sanguine Dye,
(The foulest Stain) so fair a Memory!
Then, as you'll live the Glory of our Isle,
And Fate on all your Expeditions smile:
So when a noble Course you've bravely ran,
Die the best Soldier, and the happiest Man.
None can the Turns of Providence foresee,
Or what their own Catastrophe may be;
Therefore to Persons lab'ring under Woe,
That Mercy they may want, should always shew:
For, in the Chance of War, the slightest Thing
May lose the Battle, or the Vict'ry bring.
And how would you that Gen'ral's Honour prize,
Should in cool Blood his Captive sacrifice?

He that with rebel Arms to fight is led,
To Justice forfeits his opprobrious Head;

But

But 'tis unhappy CHARION's first offence,
Seduc'd by some too plausible Pretence,
To take the inj'ring Side by Error brought ;
He had no Malice, tho' he has the Fault.
Let the old Tempters find a shameful Grave :
But the Half-innocent, the tempted, save.
Vengeance Divine, tho' for the greatest Crime,
But rarely strikes the first or second Time :
And he best follows the Almighty's Will,
Who spares the Guilty he has Pow'r to kill.
When proud Rebellions would unhinge a State,
And wild Disorders in a Land create,
'Tis requisite the first Promoters should
Put out the Flames they kindled with their Blood :
But sure 'tis a Degree of Murder, all
That draw their Swords, should undistinguish'd fall.
And since a Mercy must to some be shewn,
Let CHARION 'mongst the happy few be One ;
For, as none guilty has less Guilt than he ;
So none for Pardon has a fairer Plea.

WHEN DAVID's General had won the Field,
And ABSALOM, the lov'd Ungrateful, kill'd ;
The Trumpets sounding, made all Slaughter cease,
And misled *Israelites* return'd in Peace.
The Action past, where so much Blood was spilt,
We hear of none arraign'd for that Day's Guilt ;
But all concludes with the desir'd Event ;
The Monarch pardons, and the *Jews* repent.

As great Example your great Courage warms,
 And to illustrious Deeds excites your Arms,
 So, when you Instances of Mercy view,
 They should inspire you with Compassion too :
 For he that emulates the truly Brave,
 Would always conquer, and should always save.

HERE, interrupting, stern NERONIOR cry'd,
 (Swell'd with Success, and blubber'd up with Pride)
 Madam, his Life depends upon my Will :
 For ev'ry Rebel I can spare or kill ;
 I'll think of what you've said : This Night return
 At Ten ; perhaps, you'll have no Cause to mourn.
 Go, see your Husband, bid him not despair :
 His Crime is great ; but you are wond'rous fair.

WHEN anxious Miseries the Soul amaze,
 And dire Confusion in the Spirits raise :
 Upon the least Appearance of Relief,
 Our Hopes revive, and mitigate our Grief.
 Impatience makes our Wishes earnest grow ;
 Which thro' false Optics, our Deliv'rance shew ;
 For, while we fancy Danger does appear
 Most at a Distance, it is oft too near ;
 And many Times secure from obvious Foes,
 We fall into an Ambuscade of Woes.

PLEAS'd with the false NERONIOR's dark Reply,
 I thought the End of all my Sorrows nigh ;

And

And to the Main-guard hasten'd, where the Prey
Of this 'blood-thirsty Fiend in Durance lay.
When CHARION saw me, from his turfy Bed
With Eagerness he rais'd his drooping Head :
Oh ! fly, my Dear, this guilty Place, he cry'd,
And in some distant Clime thy Virtue hide !
Here nothing but the foulest Dæmons dwell,
The Refuge of the Damn'd, and Mob of Hell.
The Air they breathe is ev'ry Atom curst :
There's no Degree of Ills ; for all are worst.
In Rapes and Murders they alone delight,
And Villanies of less Importance flight :
Act 'em indeed, but scorn they should be nam'd ;
For all their Glory's to be more than damn'd.
NERONIOR's Chief of this infernal Crew ;
And seems to merit that high Station too :
Nothing but Rage and Lust inspire his Breast,
By ASMODAI and MOLOC both possess'd,
When told you went to intercede for me,
It threw my Soul into an Agony ;
Not that I would not for my Freedom give
What's requisite, or do not wish to live :
But for my Safety I can ne'er be base,
Or buy a few short Years with long Disgrace :
Nor would I have your yet unspotted Fame
For me expos'd to an eternal Shame.
With Ignominy to preserve my Breath,
Is worse, by infinite Degrees, than Death,
But if I can't my Life with Honour save,
With Honour I'll descend into the Grave.

E

For

For, tho' Revenge and Malice both combine,
(As both to fix my Ruin seem to join)
Yet, maugre all their Violence and Skill,
I can die just; and I'm resolv'd I will.

BUT what is Death we so unwisely fear?
An End of all our busy Tumults here:
The equal Lot of Poverty and State,
Which all partake of by a certain Fate.
Whoe'er the Prospect of Mankind surveys
At divers Ages, and by divers Ways,
Will find them from this noisy Scene retire;
Some the first Minute that they breathe, expire;
Others, perhaps, survive to talk, and go;
But die, before they Good or Evil know.
Here one to Puberty arrives; and then
Returns lamented to the Dust again:
Another there maintains a longer Strife
With all the pow'rful Enemies of Life;
Till, with Vexation tir'd, and threescore Years,
He drops into the Dark, and disappears.
I'm young indeed, and might expect to see
Times future, long and late Posterity;
'Tis what with Reason I could wish to do,
If to be old, were to be happy too.
But since substantial Grief so soon destroys
The Gust of all imaginary Joys,
Who would be too importunate to live,
Or more for Life, than it can merit, give?

BEYOND

BEYOND the Grave stupendous Regions lie,
The boundless Realms of vast Eternity ;
Where Minds, remov'd from earthly Bodies, dwell ;
But who their Government or Laws can tell ?
What's their Employment till the final Doom
And Time's eternal Period shall come ?
Thus much the Sacred Oracles declare,
That all are bless'd or miserable there ;
Tho', if there's such Variety of Fate,
None Good expire too soon, nor Bad too late,
For my own Part, with Resignation, still
I can submit to my Creator's Will :
Let him recall the Breath from Him I drew,
When he thinks fit, and when he pleases too.
The Way of dying is my least Concern ;
That will give no Disturbance to my Urn.
If to the Seats of Happiness I go,
There end all possible Returns of Woe :
And when to those blest Mansions I arrive,
With Pity I'll behold those that survive.
Once more I beg, you'd from these Tents retreat,
And leave me to my Innocence and Fate.

CHARION, said I, Oh, do not urge my Flight !
I'll see th' Event of this important Night :
Some strange Presages in my Soul forebode,
The worst of Mis'ries, or the greatest Good.
Few Hours will shew the utmost of my Doom ;
A joyful Safety, or a peaceful Tomb.

If you miscarry, I'm resolv'd to try
If gracious Heav'n will suffer me to die :
For, when you are to endless Raptures gone,
If I survive, 'tis but to be undone.
Who will support an injur'd Widow's Right,
From fly Injustice, or oppressive Might ?
Protect her Person, or her Cause defend ?
She rarely wants a Foe, or finds a Friend :
I've no Distrust of Providence ; but still
'Tis best to go beyond the Reach of Ill :
And those can have no Reason to repent,
Who, tho' they die betimes, die innocent.
But to a World of everlasting Bliss
Why would you go, and leave me here in this ?
'Tis a dark Passage ; but our Foes shall view,
I'll die as calm, tho' not so brave, as you :
That my Behaviour, to the last, may prove
Your Courage is not greater than my Love.
The Hour approach'd : As to NERONIOR's Tent,
With trembling, but impatient Steps, I went ;
A thousand Horrors, throng'd into my Breast,
By sad Ideas and strong Fears possess'd :
Where e'er I pass'd, the glaring Lights would shew
Fresh Objects of Despair, and Scenes of Woe.

HERE, in a Crowd of drunken Soldiers stood
A wretched, poor, old Man, besmear'd with Blood ;
And at his Feet, just through the Body run,
Struggling for Life, was laid his only Son ;

By whose hard Labour he was daily fed,
 Dividing still, with pious Care, his Bread :
 And while he mourn'd with Floods of aged Tears,
 The sole Support of his decrepid Years,
 The barb'rous Mob, whose Rage no Limit knows,
 With blasphemous Derision, mock'd his Woes.

THERE, under a wide Oak, disconsolate,
 And drown'd with Tears, a mournful Widow sat :
 High in the Boughs the murder'd Father hung ;
 Beneath, the Children round the Mother clung :
 They cry'd for Food, but 'twas without Relief :
 For all they had to live upon, was Grief.
 A Sorrow so intense, such deep Despair,
 No Creature, merely human, long could bear.
 First in her Arms her weeping Babes she took,
 And, with a Groan, did to her Husband look :
 Then lean'd her Head on theirs, and, sighing cry'd,
Pity me, Saviour of the World ! and dy'd.

FROM this sad Spectacle my Eyes I turn'd,
 Where Sons their Fathers, Maids their Lovers, mourn'd ;
 Friends for their Friends, Sisters for Brothers, wept :
 Pris'ners of War, in Chains, for Slaughter kept :
 Each, ev'ry Hour, did the black Message dread,
 Which should declare the Person lov'd was dead.
 Then I beheld, with brutal Shouts of Mirth,
 A comely Youth, and of no common Birth,
 To Execution led ; who hardly bore
 The Wounds in Battle, he receiv'd before :

And, as he pass'd, I heard him bravely cry,
I neither wish to live, nor fear to die.

As the curs'd Tent arriv'd, without Delay,
They did me to the General convey :
Who thus begun—————
Madam ! by fresh Intelligence, I find,
That CHARION's Treason's of the blackest Kind ;
And my Commission is exprest to spare
None that so deeply in Rebellion are ;
New measures therefore 'tis in vain to try,
No Pardon can be granted ; He must die.
Must, or I hazard all : Which yet I'd do
To be oblig'd in one Request by you :
And, maugre all the Dangers I foresee,
Be *mine* this Night, I'll set your *Husband* free.
Soldiers are rough, and cannot hope Success
By supple Flattery, and by soft Address ;
The pert gay Coxcomb, by these little Arts,
Gains an Ascendant o'er the Ladies Hearts ;
But I can no such whining Methods use :
Consent, he lives ; he dies, if you refuse.

AMAZ'D at this Demand ; said I, The Brave,
Upon ignoble Terms, disdain to save ;
They let their Captives still with Honour live,
Nor more require, than what themselves would give :
For, gen'rous Victors, as they scorn to do
Dishonest things, scorn to propose 'em too.

Mercy

Mercy, the brightest Virtue of the Mind,
Should with no devious Appetite be join'd :
For if, when exercis'd, a Crime it cost,
Th' intrinsic Lustre of the Deed is lost.
Great Men, their Actions of a piece should have ;
Heroic all, and each intirely brave :
From the nice Rules of Honour none should swerve ;
Done, because good, without a mean Reserve.

THE Crimes new charg'd upon th' unhappy Youth,
May have Revenge, and Malice, but no Truth.
Suppose the Accusation justly brought,
And clearly prov'd to the minutest Thought ;
Yet Mercy's, next to infinite, abate
Offences next to infinitely great :
And 'tis the Glory of a noble Mind,
In full Forgiveness not to be confin'd,
Your Prince's Frowns if you have Cause to fear,
This Act will more illustrious appear ;
Tho' his Excuse can never be withstood,
Who disobey, but only to be good.
Perhaps the Hazard's less than you express ;
The Glory would be, were the Danger less.
For he that, to his Prejudice, will do
A noble Action, and a gen'rous too,
Deserves to wear a more resplendent Crown
Than he that has a thousand Battles won ;
Do not invert Divine Compassion so
As to be cruel, and no Mercy shew !

Of what Renown can such an Action be,
 Which *saves* my Husband's Life, but *ruins* me ?
 Tho', if you finally resolve to stand
 Upon so vile, inglorious a Demand,
He must submit ; If 'tis my Fate to mourn
 His Death I'll bathe with virt'ous Tears his Urn.

WELL Madam, haughtily, NERONIOR cry'd,
 Your Courage and your Virtue shall be try'd.
 But to prevent all Prospect of a Flight,
 Some of my * *Lambs* shall be your Guard to Night :
 By them, no doubt, you'll tenderly be us'd ;
 They seldom ask a Favour that's refus'd :
 Perhaps you'll find them so genteely bred,
 They'll leave you but few virt'ous Tears to shed.
 Surrounded with so innocent a Throng,
 The Night must pass delightfully along :
 And in the Morning, since you will not give
 What I require to let your Husband live,
 You shall behold him sigh his latest Breath,
 And gently swing into the Arms of Death.
 His Fate he merits, as to Rebels due ;
 And yours will be as much deserv'd by you.

OH CELIA, think ! so far as Thought can shew,
 What Pangs of Grief, what Agonies of Woe,

* KIRKE used to call the most inhuman of his Soldiers his *Lambs*.

At this dire Resolution, seiz'd my Breast !
By all Things sad and terrible possess'd.
In vain I wept, and 'twas in vain I pray'd,
For all my Pray'rs were to a Tyger made :
A Tyger ! worse ; for, 'tis beyond Dispute,
No Fiend's so cruel as a reas'ning Brute.
Encompass'd thus, and hopeless of Relief,
With all the Squadrons of Despair and Grief?
Ruin—it was not possible to shun :
What could I do ? Oh ! what would you have done ?

THE Hours that pass'd, till the black Morn return'd,
With Tears of Blood should be for ever mourn'd.
When, to involve me with consummate Grief,
Beyond Expression, and above Belief,
Madam, the Monster cry'd, that you may find
I can be grateful to the Fair that's kind ;
Step to the Door, I'll shew you such a Sight,
Shall overwhelm your Spirits with Delight.
Does not that Wretch, who would dethrone his King,
Become the Gibbet, and adorn the String ?
You need not now an injur'd Husband dread,
Living he might, he'll not upbraid you dead.
'Twas for your Sake I seiz'd upon his Life ;
He would perhaps have scorn'd so chaste a Wife.
And, Madam, you'll excuse the Zeal I shew,
To keep that Secret none alive should know.
Curs'd of all Creatures ! for, compar'd with thee,
The Dev'ls, said I, are dull in Cruelty.

82 *On the Marriage of the Earl of A—*

Oh, may that Tongue eternal Vipers breed,
 And wasteless their eternal Hunger feed ;
 In Fires too hot for Salamanders dwell ;
 The burning earnest of a hotter Hell.
 May that vile Lump of execrable Lust
 Corrupt alive, and rot into the Dust !
 May'st thou, despairing at the Point of Death,
 With Oaths and Blasphemies resign thy Breath ;
 And the worst Torments that the Damn'd should share,
 In thine own Person all united bear !

OH CELIA ! Oh my *Friend* ! what Age can shew
 Sorrows like mine, so exquisite a Woe ?
 Indeed it does not infinite appear,
 Because it can't be everlasting here :
 But it's so vast, that it can ne'er increase :
 And so confirm'd it never can be less.



*On the Marriage of the Earl of A— with
 the Countess of S—*

TRUMPHANT Beauty never looks so gay,
 As on the Morning of a Nuptial Day,
 Love then within a larger Circle moves,
 New Graces adds, and ev'ry Charm improves :
 While HYMEN does his sacred Rites prepare,
 The busy Nymphs attend the trembling Pair ;

Whose

Whose Veins are swell'd with an unusual Heat,
And eager Pulses with strange Motions beat:
Alternate Passions various Thoughts impart,
And painful Joys distend her throbbing Heart:
Her Fears are great, and her Desires are strong:
The Minutes fly too fast—yet stay too long:
Now she is ready—the next Moment not;
All Things are done—then something is forgot:
She fears—yet wishes the strange Work were done;
Delays—yet is impatient to be gone.
Disorders thus from ev'ry Thought arise;
What Love persuades, I know not what denies.

ACHATE's Choice does his firm Judgment prove,
And shews at once he can be wise and love;
Because it from no spurious Passion came,
But was the Product of a noble Flame:
Bold without Rudeness; without blazing, bright;
Pure as fix'd Stars, and uncorrupt as Light:
By just Degrees it to Perfection grew;
An early Ripeness, and a lasting too.
So the bright Sun ascending to his Noon,
Moves not too slowly, nor is there too soon.

BUT, tho' ACHATES was unkindly driv'n
From his own Land, he's banish'd into Heav'n:
For sure the Raptures of COSMELIA's Love,
Are next, if only next, to those above.
Thus Pow'r Divine does with his Foes engage;
Rewards his Virtues, and defeats their Rage:

For,

84 *On the Marriage of the Earl of A—*

For, first it did to fair COSMELIA give
 All that a human Creature could receive ;
 What'er can raise our Wonder or Delight,
 Transport the Soul, or gratify the Sight.
 Then in the full Perfection of her Charms,
 Lodg'd the bright Virgin in ACHATES' Arms.

WHAT Angels are, is in COSMELIA seen ;
 Their awful Glories, and their godlike Mien ?
 For, in her Aspect all the Graces meet ;
 All that is noble, beautiful, or sweet :
 There ev'ry Charm in lofty Triumph sits,
 Scorns poor Defect, and to no Fault submits :
 There Symmetry, Complexion ; Air, unite,
 Sublimely noble, and amazing bright,
 So newly finish'd by the Hand Divine,
 Before her Fall, did the first Woman shine.
 But EVE in one great Point, she does excel :
 COSMELIA never err'd at all ; *She fell.*
 From her Temptation in Despair withdrew ;
 Nor more assaults, whom it could ne'er subdue.

VIRTUE confirm'd, and regularly brought
 To full Maturity, by serious Thought,
 Her Actions with a watchful Eye surveys ;
 Each Passion guides, and ev'ry Moment sways ;
 Not the least Failure in her Conduct lies ;
 So gaily modest, and so freely wise.

HER

HER Judgment sure, impartial, and refin'd,
With Wit, that's clear and penetrating, join'd,
O'er all the Efforts of her Mind presides,
And to the noblest End her Labours guides :
She knows the best, and does the best pursue,
And treads the Maze of Life without a Clue ?
That, the weak only and the wav'ring lack,
When they're mistaken, to conduct 'em back :
She does, amidst ten Thousand Ways, prefer
The Rights as if not capable to err.

HER Fancy strong, vivacious, and sublime,
Seldom betrays her Converse to a Crime ;
And tho' it moves with a luxuriant Heat,
'Tis ne'er preceptious, but always great :
For, each Expression, ev'ry teeming Thought,
Is to the Scanning of her Judgment brought ;
Which wisely separates the finest Gold,
And casts the Image in a beauteous Mould.

No trifling Words debase her Eloquence,
But all's pathetic, all is sterling Sense ;
Refin'd from drossy Chat, and idle Noise,
With which the Female Conversation cloy :
So well she knows, what's understood by few,
To time her Thoughts, and to express 'em too ;
That what she speaks does to his Soul transmit
The fair Idea of delightful Wit.

86 *On the Marriage of the Earl of A—, &c.*

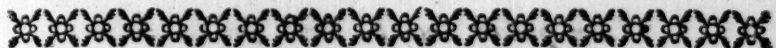
ILLUSTRIOUS born, and as illustrious bred,
By great Example to wise Actions led :
Much to the Fame her lineal Heros bore
She owes, but to her own high Genius more ;
And, by a nobler Emulation mov'd,
Excell'd their Virtues, and her own improv'd ;
Till they arriv'd, to that cœlestial Height,
Scarce Angels greater be, or Saints so bright.

BUT if COSMELIA could yet lovelier be,
Of nobler Birth, or more a Deity,
ACHATES merits her, tho' none but He :
Whose generous Soul abhors a base Disguise ;
Resolv'd in Action, and in Counsel wise ;
Too well confirm'd and fortify'd within,
For Threats to force, or Flattery to win.
Unmov'd amidst the Hurricane he stood ;
He dares be guiltless, and he will be good.

SINCE the first Pair in Paradise were join'd,
Two Hearts were ne'er so happily combin'd.
ACHATES Life to fair COSMELIA gives ?
In fair COSMELIA great ACHATES lives :
Each is to other the divinest Bliss ;
He is her Heav'n and She is more than his.
Oh, may the kindest Influence above
Protect their Persons, and indulge their Love !



An INSCRIPTION for the Monument of
DIANA, Countess of OXFORD and
ELGIN.



DIANA. OXONII & ELGINI Comitissa ;
QUÆ.

ILLUSTRI orta Sanguine, Sanguinem illustravit :
Ceciliorum Meritis, clara, suis clarissima ;
Ut quæ nescirit minor esse maximis.

Vitam ineuntem Innocentia ;

Procedentem ampla Virtutum Cohors :

Exeuntem Mors beatissima decoravit ;

(Volente Numine)

Ut Nuspiam decesset aut Virtus aut Felicitas,

Duobus conjuncta Maritis

Utrique charissima :

Primum

(Quem ad Annum habuit)

Impense delexit .

Secundum

(Quem ad Annos viginti quatuor)

Tanta Pietate & Amore coluit ;

Ut qui, vivens,

Obsequium, tanquam Patri præstitit ;

Moriens,

Patrimonium, tanquam Filio, reliquit.

Noverca

88 *On the Countess of Oxford and Elgin.*

*Noverca cum esset,
Maternam Pietatem facile superavit.
Famulitii adeo mitem prudentemque Curam gessit,
Ut non tam Domina Familiæ præesse,
Quam Anima Corpori inesse videretur
Denique,
Cum pudico, humili, forti, sancto Animo,
Virginibus, conjugibus, Viduis, omnibus,
Exemplum consecrasset integerrimum,
Terris Anima major, ad similes evolavit superos.*



The foregoing INSCRIPTION *attempted in*
ENGLISH.

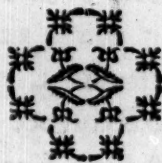


DIANA, Countess of OXFORD and ELGIN;

WHO from a Race of Noble Heroes came,
And added Lustre to its ancient Fame :
Round her the Virtues of the CÆCILS shone,
But with inferior Brightness to her own :
Which she refin'd to that sublime Degree,
The greatest Mortal could not greater be.
Each Stage of Life peculiar Splendor had ;
Her tender Years with Innocence were clad :
Maturer grown, whate'er was brave and good
In the Retinue of her Virtues stood :

And

And at the final Period of her Breath.
She crown'd her Life with a propitious Death;
That no ~~O~~ccasion might be wanting here
To make her Virtues fam'd, or Joys sincere,
Two Noble Lords her genial Bed possess;
A Wife to both, the dearest and the best.
OXFORD submitted in one Year to Fate:
For whom her Passion was exceeding great.
To ELGIN full six *Lustra* were assign'd:
And him she lov'd with so intense a Mind,
That, living like a Father, she obey'd;
Dying, as to a Son, left all she had.
When a Step-mother, she soon soar'd above
The common Height ev'n of maternal Love.
She did her num'rous Family command,
With such a tender Care, so wise a Hand.
She seem'd no otherwise a Mistress there,
Than godlike Souls in human Bodies are.
But when to all she had Example shew'd,
How to be great and humble, chaste and good.
Her Soul, for Earth too excellent, too high,
Flew to its Peers, the Princes of the Sky.





Upon the, DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.
A Pindaric ESSAY.

Ἐἰς ἕν τι θεὸς
Ὁς ἄρ' αὖτε τέλει καὶ γαίαν μαλ' αὖτε

SOPHOC.

UNITY. ETERNITY.

I.

WHence sprung this glorious Frame ; or when begun
Things to exist ? They could not always be :
To what stupendous Energy
Shall we ascribe the Origin of Man ?
That *Cause*, from whence all Beings else arose,
Must Self-existent be alone ;
Intirely perfect, and but One ;
Nor Equal nor Superior knows :
Two Firsts, in Reason, we can ne'er suppose,
If that, in false Opinion, we allow,
That *once* there absolutely Nothing was,
Then Nothing could BE *now*.
For, by what Instrument, or how,
Shall Non-Existence to Existence pass ?
Thus, Something must from Everlasting be ;
Or Matter, or a Deity.

If

If Matter only uncreate we grant,
 We shall Volition, Wit, and Reason, want;
 An Agent infinite, and Action free;
 Whence does Volition, whence does Reason, flow?
 How we came to reflect, design, and know?

This from a nobler Nature things,
 Distinct in Essence from material springs,
 For, thoughtless Matter cannot Thought bestow.

But if we own a God supreme,
 And all Perfection possible in Him;
 In Him does boundless Excellence reside,
 Pow'r to create, and Providence to guide;
 Unmade Himself, could no Beginning have,
 But to all Substance prime Existence gave:
 Can what He will destroy, and what He pleases save;

P O W E R.

II.

THE undesigning Hand of giddy Chance
 Could never fill the Globes of Light
 So beautiful, and so amazing bright,
 The lofty Concave of the vast Expanse:
 They could proceed from no less Pow'r than infinite.
 There's not one Atom of this wondrous Frame,
 Nor Essence intellectual, but took
 Existence when the Great *Creator* spoke,
 And from the common Womb of empty Nothing came.
 Let Substance be, he cry'd; and straight arose
 Angelic, and corporeal too;
 All that material Nature shews,

And

And what does Things invifible compofe,
 At the fame Instant fprung, and into Being flew.
 Mount to the Convex of the, higheft Sphere,
 Which draws a mighty Circ'e round
 Th' interior Orbs, as their capacious Bound ;
 There Millions of new Miracles appear :
 There dwell the eldeft Sons of Pow'r immense,
 Who firft were to Perfection wrought
 Firft to complete Exiftence brought,
 To whom their *Maker* did difpenfe
 The largeft Portions of created Excellence,
 Eternal now, not of Neceffity,
 As if they could not ceafe to be,
 Or were from poffible Defttruction free ;
 But on the Will of God depend,
 For that which could begin can end.
 Who, when the lower Worlds were made,
 Without the leaft Mifcarriage or Defect,
 By the Almighty Architect,
 United Adoration paid,
 And with extatic Gratitude his Laws obey'd.

III.

PHILOSOPHY of old in vain effay'd
 To tell us how this mighty Frame
 Into fuch beauteous Order came ;
 But, by falfe Reas'nings, falfe Foundations laid :
 She labour'd hard ; but ftill the more fhe wrought,
 The more was wilder'd in the Maze of Thought.

Some

Sometimes the fancy'd Things to be
 Coeval with the Deity,
 And in the Form which now they are
 From everlasting Ages were.
 Sometimes the casual Event,
 Of Atoms floating in a Space immense,
 Void of all Wisdom, Rule, and Sense ;
 But, by a lucky Accident
 Jumbled into this Scheme of wondrous Excellence.
 'Twas an establish'd Article of old,
 Chief of the philosophic Creed,
 And does in natural Productions hold ;
 That from mere Nothing, nothing could proceed :
 Material Substance never could have rose,
 If some Existence had not been before,
 In Wisdom infinite, immense in Pow'r,
 Whate'er is made, a Maker must suppose,
 As an Effect a Cause that could produce it shews.
 Nature and Art, indeed, have Bounds assign'd,
 And only Forms to Things, not Beings, give ;
 That from *Omnipotence* they must receive :
 But the Eternal, Self-existent *Mind*,
 Can, with a single *Fiat*, cause to be
 All that the wondrous Eye surveys,
 And all it cannot see.
 Nature may shape a beauteous Tree,
 And Art a noble Palace raise,
 But must not to creative Pow'r aspire ;
 But their God alone can claim,
 As pre-existing Substance doth require :
 So, where they nothing find, can nothing frame.

W I S D O M.

IV.

MATTER produc'd, had still a *Chaos* been :
 For jarring Elements engag'd,
 Eternal Battles would have wag'd,
 And fill'd with endless Horror the tumult'ous Scene ;
 If *Wisdom* Infinite, for less
 Could not the vast, prodigious Embryo wield,
 Or Strength complete to lab'ring Nature yield,
 Had not, with actual Address,
 Compos'd the bell'wing Hurry, and establish'd Peace.
 What'er this visible Creation shews
 That's lovely uniform, and bright,
 That gilds the Morning, or adorns the Night,
 To her its Eminence and Beauty owes.
 By her all Creatures have their Ends assign'd,
 Proportion'd to their Nature and their Kind ;
 To which they steadily advance,
 Mov'd by right Reason's high Command,
 Or guided by the secret Hand
 Of real Instinct, or imaginary Chance.
 Nothing but Men reject the sacred Rules ;
 Who from the End of their Creation fly,
 And deviate into Misery :
 As if the Liberty to act like Fools,
 Were the chief Cause that Heaven made 'em free.

P R O V E.

PROVIDENCE.

V.

BOLD is the Wretch, and blasphemous the Man,
 Who, finite, will attempt to scan
 The Works of Him that's infinitely wise,
 And those he cannot comprehend, denies ;
 As if a Space immense were measurable by a Span.
 Thus the proud Sceptic will not own
 That *Providence* the World directs,
 Or its Affairs inspects ;
 But leaves it to itself alone.
 How does it with Almighty Grandeur suit,
 To be concern'd with our Impertinence ;
 Or interpose his Pow'r for the Defence
 Of a poor Mortal, or a senseless Brute ?
 Villains could never so successful prove,
 And unmolested in those Pleasures live,
 Which Honour, Ease, and Affluence give ;
 While such as Heav'n adore, and Virtue love,
 And most the Care of *Providence* deserve,
 Oppress'd with Pain and Ignominy starve.
 What Reason can the Wisest shew,
 Why Murder does unpunish'd go,
 If the most *High*, that's Just and Good,
 Intends and governs all below,
 And yet regards not the loud Cries of guiltless Blood ?
 But shall we Things unsearchable deny,
 Because our Reason cannot tell us why
 They are allow'd, or acted by the *Deity* ?

'Tis

'Tis equally above the Reach of Thought,
 To comprehend how Matter should be brought
 From Nothing, as existent be
 From all Eternity ;
 And yet that Matter is, we feel and see :
 Nor is it easier to define,
 What Ligatures the Soul and Body join ;
 Or, how the Mem'ry does th' Impression take
 Of Things, and to the Mind restores 'em back.

VI.

Did not th' *Almighty*, with immediate Care,
 Direct and govern this capacious All,
 How soon would Things into Confusion fall !
 Earthquakes the trembling Ground would tear,
 And blazing Comets rule the troubled Air ;
 Wide Inundations, with resistless Force,
 The lower Provinces o'erflow,
 In Spite of all that human Strength could do
 To stop the raging Sea's impetuous Course.
 Murder and Rapine ev'ry Place would fill,
 And sinking Virtue stoop to prosp'rous Ill ;
 Devouring Pestilence would rave,
 And all that Part of Nature which has Breath
 Deliver to the Tyranny of Death,
 And hurry to the Dungeons of the Grave,
 If watchful Providence were not concern'd to save.
 Let the brave Soldier speak, who oft has been
 In dreadful Sieges, and fierce Battles seen,

How

How he's preserv'd, when Bombs and Bullets fly
So thick, that scarce one Inch of Air is free;

And tho' he does ten thousand see
Fall at his Feet and in a Moment die,
Unhurt retreats, or gains unhurt the Victory.

Let the poor shipwreck'd Sailor shew,
To what invisible protecting Pow'r
He did his Life and Safety owe,
When the loud Storm his well built Vessel tore,
And an half shatter'd Plank convey'd him to the Shore.

Nay, let th' ungrateful Sceptic tell us, how
His tender Infancy Protection found,
And helpless Childhood was with Safety crown'd,
If he'll no *Providence* allow;

When he had nothing but his Nurse's Arms
To guard him from innumerable, fatal Harms:

From Childhood how to Youth he ran
Securely, and from thence to Man:
How, in the Strength and Vigour of his Years,
The feeble Bark of Life he saves,
Amidst the Fury of tempest'ous Waves,
From all the Dangers he foresees, or fears;
Yet ev'ry Hour 'twixt *Scylla* and *Charybdis* steers;
If *Providence*, which can the Seas command,
Held not the Rudder with a steady Hand.

OMNIPRESENCE.

VII.

'Tis happy for the Sons of Men that He,
Who' all Existence out of Nothing made,

F

Sup.

Supports his Creatures by immediate Aid ;
But then this all-intending *Deity*

Must *Omnipresent* be :

For how shall we, by Demonstration shew,
The *Godhead* is this Moment here,
If He's not present ev'ry where ;
And always so ?

What's not perceptible by Sense, may be
Ten thousand Miles remote from me,
Unless his Nature is from Limitation free.

In vain we for Protection pray ;
For Benefits receiv'd high Altars raise,
And offer up our Hymns and Praise ;
In vain his Anger dread, or Laws obey.
An absent *God* from Ruin can defend

No more than can an absent Friend ;
No more is capable to know
How gratefully we make Returns,

When the loud Music sounds, or Victim burns,
Than a poor *Indian* Slave of *Mexico*.

If so, 'tis equally in vain

The Prosp'rous sings, and Wretched mourns ;
He cannot hear the Praise, or mitigate the Pain.

But by what Being is confin'd

The *Godhead* we adore ?

He must have equal, or superior Pow'r.

If equal only, they each other bind ;
So neither's God, if we define him right ;
For ne ther's Infinite.

But if the other have superior Might,

Then

Then He, we worship, can't pretend to be
 Omnipotent, and free
 From all Restraint ; and so no *Deity*.
 If GOD is limited in Space ; his View,
 His Knowledge, Pow'r, and Wisdom, is so too :
 Unless we'll own, that these Perfections are
 At all Times present ev'ry where ;
 Yet He Himself not actually there :
 Which to suppose, that strange Conclusion brings ;
 His Essence and his Attributes are different Things.

IMMUTABILITY.

VIII.

As the Supreme, Omniscient *Mind*,
 Is by no Boundaries confin'd ;
 So Reason must acknowledge him to be
 From possible *Mutation* free :
 For what He *is* He *was* from all Eternity.
 Change whether the Effect of Force, or Will,
 Must argue Imperfection still.
 But Imperfection in a *Deity*,
 That's absolutely perfect, cannot be :
 Who can compel, without his own Consent,
 A GOD to change, that is Omnipotent ?
 And ev'ry Alteration without Force,
 Is for the better, or the worse.
 He that is infinitely Wise,
 To alter for the worse will never choose ;
 That a Depravity of Nature shews :

And He, in whom all true Perfection lies,
 Cannot by *Change* to greater Excellencies rise.
 If God be *mutable*, which way, or how,
 Shall we demonstrate, that will please him now
 Which did a thousand Years ago?
 And 'tis impossible to know,
 What He forbids or what He will allow
 Murder, Inchantment, Lust, and Perjury,
 Did in the foremost Rank of Vices stand,
 Prohibited by an Express Command:
 But whether such they still remain to be,
 No Argument will positively prove,
 Without immediate Notice from above;
 If the Almighty *Legislator* can
 Be chang'd, like his inconstant Subject, Man,
 Uncertain thus, what to perform, or shun,
 We all intolerable Hazards run,
 When an eternal Stake is to be lost or won.

J U S T I C E.

IX.

REJOICE, ye Sons of Piety, and sing
 Loud *Hallelujahs* to his glorious Name,
 Who was, and will for ever be the same:
 Your grateful Incense to his Temples bring,
 That from the smoking Altars may arise
 Clouds of Perfumes to the imperial Skies.

His

His Promises stand firm to you
 And endless Joys will be bestow'd,
 As sure as that there is a God,
 On all who Virtue choose, and righteous Paths pursue.
 Nor should we more his Menaces distrust;
 For, while he is a *Deity*, he must
 (As infinitely *good*) be infinitely *just*.
 But does it with a gracious *Godhead* suit,
 Whose, *Mercy* is his darling Attribute,
 To punish Crimes that temporary be,
 And those but trivial Offences too,
 Mere Slips of human Nature, small and few,
 With everlasting Misery?
 This shocks the Mind, with deep Reflections fraught,
 And Reason bends beneath the pond'rous Thought.
 Crimes take their Estimate from Guilt; and grow
 More heinous still, the more they do incense
 That God to whom all Creatures owe
 Profoundest Reverence:
 Tho' as to that Degree, they raise
 The Anger of the Merciful most *High*
 We have no Standard to discern it by,
 But the Infliction he on the Offender lays.
 So that, if endless Punishment on all
 Our unrepented Sins must fall,
 None, not the least, can be accounted small.
 That God is in Perfection just, must be
 Allow'd by all that own a *Deity*:
 If so, from Equity he cannot swerve,
 Nor punish Sinners more than they deserve.

His Will reveal'd is both express and clear ;

“ Ye Cursed of my Father go

To everlasting Woe :”

If Everlasting means Eternal here,

Duration absolutely without End ;

Against which Sense some zealously contend,

That when apply'd to Pains, it only means,

They shall ten thousand Ages last :

Ten thousand more, perhaps when they are past ;

But not Eternal in a lit'ral Sense :

Yet own, the Pleasures of the Just remain

So long as there's a God exists to reign,

Tho' none can give a solid Reason, why

The Word *Eternity*,

To Heav'n and He'll indifferent join'd,

Should carry Sense of a far different Kind ;

And 'tis a said Experiment to try.

GOODNESS.

X.

BUT if there be one Attribute Divine

With greater Lustre than the rest can shine,

'Tis *Goodness* which we ev'ry Moment see

The *Godhead* exercise with such Delight,

It seems, it only seems, to be

The best below'd Perfection of the *Deity*,

And more than Infinite.

Without That, He could never prove

The proper Objects of our Praise or Love,

Were

Were He not good, He'd be no more concern'd
To hear the wretched in Affliction cry,
Or see the Guiltless for the Guilty dye,
Than NERO, when the flaming City burn'd,
And weeping *Romans* o'er its Ruins mourn'd.

Eternal Justice then would be

But everlasting Cruelty ;

Pow'r unrestrain'd, Almighty Violence ;
And Wisdom unconfin'd, but Craft immense.
'Tis *Goodness* constitutes Him that He is ;

And those

Who will deny Him this,

A God without a *Deity* suppose.

When the lewd Atheist blasphemously swears,

By his tremendous Name,

There is no God, but all's a Sham !

Insidious Tattle Praise and Pray'rs ;

Virtue Pretence ; and all the sacred Rules

Religion teaches, Tricks to cully Fools ;

Justice would strike th' audacious Villain dead,

But Mercy, boundless, saves his guilty Head :

Gives him Protection, and allows him Bread.

Does not the Sinner, whom no Danger awes,

Without Restraint, his Infamy pursue.

Rejoice, and glory in it too ;

Laugh at the Pow'r Divine, and ridicule his Laws ;

Labouring in Vice his Rivals to excel,

That, when he's dead, they may their Pupils tell,

How wittily the Fool was damn'd, how hard he fell ?

Yet this vile Wretch in Safety lives,
 Blessings in common with the Best receives ;
 Tho' he is proud t' affront the God those Blessings gives.
 The chearful Sun his Influence sheds on all ;

Has no Respect to Good or Ill :
 And fruitful Show'rs without Distinction fall,
 Which Fields with Corn, with Grass the Pastures fill,
 The bounteous Hand of Heav'n bestows
 Success and Honour many Times on those
 Who scorn his Fav'rites, and care's his Foes.

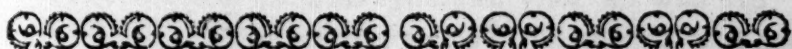
XI.

To this Good God, whom my adventurous Pen
 Has dar'd to celebrate
 In lofty PINDAR's Strain ;
 Tho' with unequal Strength to bear the Weight
 Of such a pond'rous Theme so infinitely great :
 To this Good God, cælestial Spirits pay,
 With Extasy Divine, incessant praise ;
 While on the Glories of thy Face they gaze,
 In the bright Regions of eternal Day.
 To him each rational Existence here,
 Whose Breast one Spark of Gratitude contains,
 In whom there are the least Remains
 Of Piety or Fear,
 His Tribute brings of joyful Sacrifice,
 For Pardon prays, and for Protection flies :
 Nay, the inanimate Creation give,
 By prompt Obedience to his Word,
 Instinctive Honour to their LORD ;
 And shame the thinking World, who in Rebellion live.

With

Eleazar's *Lamentation over Jerusalem.* 105

With Heav'n and Earth then, O my Soul, unite,
And the Great GOD of both adore and bless,
Who gives thee Competence, Content, and Peace ;
The only Fountains of sincere Delight :
That from the transitory Joys below,
Thou, by a happy Exit may'st remove
To those ineffable above ;
Which from the Vision of the *Godhead* flow,
And neither End, Decrease, nor Interruption know.



ELEAZAR'S *Lamentation over Jerusalem :*
Paraphrased out of JOSEPHUS.

STANZA I.

ALAS *Jerusalem* ! alas ! where's now
Thy pristine Glory, thy unmatched Renown,
To which the Heathen Monarchies did bow ?
Ah, hapless, miserable Town !
Where's all thy Majesty, thy Beauty gone,
Thou once most noble, celebrated Place,
The Joy and the Delight of all the Earth ;
Who gav'st to Godlike Princes Birth,
And bredst up Heroes, an immortal Race ?
Where's now the vast Magnificence, which made
The Souls of Foreigners adore
Thy wond'rous Brightness, which no more
Shall shine, but lie in an eternal Shade ?

106 Eleazar's *Lamentation over Jerusalem*:

Oh Misery ! where's all her mighty State,
Her splendid Train of num'rous Kings,
Her noble Edifices, noble Things ;
Which made her seem so eminently great,
That barb'rous Princes in her Gates appear'd,
And wealthy Presents, as their Tribute, brought,
To court her Friendship ? For her Strength they fear'd
And all her wide Protection sought.

But now, ah ! now they laugh and cry,
See how her lofty Buildings lie !
See how her flaming Turrets gild the Sky !

II.

WHERE'S all the Young, the Valiant, and the Gay,
That on her Festivals were us'd to play
Harmonious Tunes, and beautify the Day ?

The glitt'ring Troops which did from far
Bring home the Trophies, and the Spoils of War,
Whom all the Nations round with Terror view'd

Nor durst their godlike Valour try ?
Where'er they fought, they certainly subdu'd,
And ev'ry Combate gain'd a Victory.

Ah ! where's the House of the Eternal KING !
The beauteous Temple of the Lord of Hosts,
To whose large Treasuries our Fleet did bring
'The Gold and Jewels of remotest Coasts ?
There had the infinite CREATOR plac'd

His terrible amazing Name :
And with his more peculiar Presence grac'd
That heav'nly *Sanctum* ; where no Mortal came,

The

The *High Priest* only ; he but once a Year
In that Divine Apartment might appear :
So full of Glory, and so sacred then ;
But now corrupted with the Heaps of Slain,
Which, scatter'd round with Blood, defile the mighty Fane.

III.

ALAS, *Jerusalem* ! each spacious Street
Was once so fill'd the num'rous Throng
Was forc'd to jostle as they pass'd along,
And thousands did with thousands meet ;
The Darling then of God, and Man's belov'd Retreat.
In thee was the bright Throne of Justice fix'd,
Justice impartial, and vain Fraud unmix'd.
She scorn'd the Beauties of fallacious Gold,
Despising the most wealthy Bribes,
But did the sacred Balance hold
With godlike Faith to all our happy Tribes.
Thy well built Streets, and ev'ry noble Square,
Were once with polish'd Marble laid,
And all his lofty Bulwarks made
With wond'rous Labour, and with artful Care.
Thy pond'rous Gates, surprizing to behold,
Were cover'd o'er with solid Gold ;
Whose Splendor did so glorious appear
It ravish'd and amaz'd the Eye ;
And Strangers passing, to themselves would cry,
What mighty Heaps of Wealth are here !

108 Eleazer's *Lamentation over Jerusalem* :

How thick the Bars of massy Silver lie !
O happy People ! and still happy be,
Cœlestial City ! from Destruction free,
May'st thou enjoy a long, entire Prosperity !

IV.

BUT now, Oh wretched, wretched Place :
Thy Streets and Palaces are spread
With Heaps of Carcasses, and Mountains of the Dead,
The bleeding Relicks of the *Jewish* Race :
Each Corner of the Town, no vacant Space,
But is with breathless Bodies fill'd,
Some by the Sword, and some by Famine, kill'd,
Natives and Strangers are together laid.
Death's Arrows all at Random flew
Amongst the Crowd, and no Distinction made,
But both the Coward and the Valiant flew.
All in one dismal Ruin join'd,
(For Swords and Pestilence are blind)
The Fair, the Good, the Brave, no Mercy find :
Those that from far, with joyful Haste,
Came to attend thy Festival,
Of the same bitter Poison taste,
And by the black, destructive Poison fall ;
For the avenging Sentence pass'd on all.
Oh ! see how the Delight of human Eyes
In horrid Desolation lies !

See

See how the burning Ruins flame,
Nothing now left, but a sad, empty Name?
And the triumphant Victor cries,
This was the fam'd *Jerusalem*!

V.

THE most obdurate Creature must
Be griev'd to see thy Palaces in Dust,
Those ancient Habitations of the Just :
And could the Marble Rocks but know
The Mis'ries of thy fatal Overthrow,
They'd strive to find some secret Way unknown,
Maugre the senseless Nature of the Stone,
Their Pity and Concern to shew :
For now, where lofty Buildings stood,
Thy Sons corrupted Carcasses are laid :
And all by this Destruction made
One common *Golgotha*, one Field of Blood.
See ! how those ancient Men who rul'd thy State,
And made thee happy, made thee great ;
Who sat upon the awful Chair
Of mighty Moses, in long Scarlet clad,
The Good to cherish, and chastise the Bad ;
Now sit in the corrupted Air,
In silent Melancholy, and in sad Despair !
See how their murder'd Children round 'em lie !
Ah, dismal Scene ! hark how they cry !
Woe ! Woe ! one Beam of Mercy give,
Good Heav'n ! Alas, why should we live !
Be pitiful, and suffer us to die !

}

Thus

110 Eleazar's *Lamentation over Jerusalem*:

THUS they lament, thus beg for Ease ;
While in their feeble, aged Arms they hold
The Bodies of their Offspring, stiff and cold,
To guard'em from the ravenous Savages :
Till their increasing Sorrows Death persuade
 (For Death must sore with Pity see
The horrid Desolation he has made)
To put a Period to all their Misery.
 Thy wretched Daughters that survive
 Are by the Heathen kept alive
 Only to gratify their Lust,
 And then be mix'd with common Dust.
Oh ! insupportable, stupendous Woe !
What shall we do ! Ah ! whither shall we go ?
Down to the Grave, down to those happy Shades below :
Where all our brave Progenitors are blest
With endless Triumph, and eternal Rest.

VI.

BUT who, without a Flood of Tears, can see,
 Thy mournful, sad Catastrophe ?
Who can behold thy glorious Temple lie
In Ashes, and not be in Pain to die ?
Unhappy, dear *Jerusalem* ! thy Woes
Have rais'd my Grievs to such a vast Excess ;
 Their mighty Weight no Mortal knows,
Thought cannot comprehend, or Words express :
Nor can they possibly, while I survive, be less.

Good

Good Heav'n had been extremely kind,
If it had stuck me dead, or struck me blind,
Before this cursed Time, this worst of Days.
Is Death quite t'rid ; are all his Arrows spent ?
If not, why then so many dull Delays ?
Quick, quick, let the obliging Dart be sent !
Nay, at me only let ten thousand fly,
Whoe'er shall wretchedly survive ; that I
 May, happily, be sure to die
Yet still we live, live in Excess of Pain ?
 Our Friends and Relatives are slain ;
 Nothing but Ruins round us see,
Nothing but Desolation, Woe, and Misery !
Nay, while we thus, with bleeding Hearts, complain,
 Our Enemies without prepare
Their direful Engines to pursue the War ;
And you may slavishly preserve your Breath,
Or seek for Freedom in the Arms of Death.

VII.

THUS then resolve : Nor tremble at the Thought ;
 Can glory be too dearly bought ?
Since the Almighty Wisdom has decreed,
That we, and all our Progeny, should bleed ;
It shall be after such a noble Way,
Succeeding Ages will with Wonder view
 What brave Despair compell'd us to :
No, we will ne'er survive another Day.
 Bring then your Wives, your Children, all
That's valuable good or dear,

With

With ready Hands, and place 'em here ;
 They shall unite in one vast Funeral.
 I know your Courages are truly brave,
 And dare do any Thing but ill :
 Who would an aged Father save,
 That he may live in Chains and be a Slave,
 Or for remorseless Enemies to kill ?
 Let your bold Hands then give the fatal Blow :
 For, what at any other Time would be
 The dire Effect of Rage and Cruelty,
 Is Mercy, Tenderneſs, and Pity now,
 This when perform'd, we'll to the Battle fly,
 And there, amidſt our ſlaughter'd Foes, expire.
 If 'tis Revenge and Glory you deſire,
 Now you may have them, if you dare but die :
 Nay, more, ev'n Freedom and Eternity.



A PROSPECT of DEATH.
 A Pindaric ESSAY.

— *Sed omnes una manet nox,
 Et calcanda ſemel viva lethi.*

HORACE.

I.

SINCE we can die but once, and after Death
 Our State no Alteration knows ;
 But when we have reſign'd our Breath,

Th'

Th' immortal Spirit goes.
To endless Joys, or everlasting Woes :
Wise is the Man who labours to secure
That mighty and important Stake ;
And, by all Methods strives to make
His Passage safe, and his Reception sure.
Merely to die, no Man of Reason fears ;
For certainly we must,
As we are born, return to Dust :
'Tis the last Point of many ling'ring Years,
But whither then we go,
Whither, we fain would know ;
But human Understanding cannot shew.
This makes us tremble, and creates
Strange Apprehensions in the Mind ;
Fills it with restless Doubts, and wild Debates,
Concerning what we, Living, cannot find.
None know what Death is, but the Dead ;
Therefore we all, by Nature, Dying dread,
As a strange, doubtful Way, we know not how to tread.

II.

WHEN to the Margin of the Grave we come,
And scarce have one black, painful Hour to live ;
No Hopes, no Prospect of a kind Reprieve,
To stop our speedy Passage to the Tomb ;
How moving, and how mournful is the Sight !
How wond'rous pitiful, how wond'rous sad !
Where then is Refuge, where is Comfort, to be had ?

In the dark Minutes of the dreadful Night,
 To cheer our drooping Souls for their amazing Flight?
 Feeble and languishing in Bed we lie,
 Despairing to recover, void of Rest;
 Wishing for Death, and yet afraid to die:
 Terrors and Doubts distract our Breast,
 With mighty Agonies and mighty Pains oppress.

III.

Our Face is moisten'd with a clammy Sweat;
 Faint and irregular our Pulses beat;
 The Blood unactive grows,
 And thicken as it flows,
 Depriv'd of all its Vigour, all its vital Heat.
 Our dying Eyes roll heavily about,
 Their Light just going out;
 And for some kind Assistance call:
 But Pity, useless Pity's all
 Our weeping Friends can give,
 Or we receive;
 Tho' their Desires are great, their Pow'rs are small.
 The Tongue's unable to declare,
 The Pains and Grievs, the Miseries, we bear;
 How insupportable our Torments are.
 Music no more delights our deaf'ning Ears,
 Restores our Joys, or dissipates our Fears;
 But all is melancholy, all is sad,
 In Robes of deepest Mourning clad;

For,

For ev'ry Faculty, and ev'ry Sense,
Partakes the Woe of this dire Exigence.

IV.

THEN we are sensible too late,
'Tis no advantage to be rich or great :
For, all the fulsome Pride and Pageantry of State
No Consolation brings.
Riches and Honours then are useleſs Things,
Tasteleſs, or bitter all ;
And, like the Book which the Apoſtle eat ;
To the ill-judging Palate ſweet,
But turn at laſt to Nauſeouſneſs and Gall.
Nothing will then our drooping Spirits chear,
But the Remembrance of good Actions paſt ;
Virtue's a Joy that will for ever laſt,
And makes pale Death leſs terrible appear ;
Takes out his baneful Sting, and palliates our Fear.
In the dark Anti-chamber of the Grave
What would we give (ev'n all we have,
All that our Care and Industry have gain'd,
All that our Policy, our Fraud, our Art, obtain'd)
Could we recal thoſe fatal Hours again
Which we conſum'd in ſenſeleſs Vanities,
Ambitious Follies, or luxurious Eaſe !
For then they urge our Terrors, and increaſe our Pain.

V. OUR

V.

OUR Friends and Relatives stand weeping by,
 Dissolv'd in Tears, to see us die ;
 And plunge into the deep Abyss of wide Eternity.
 In vain they mourn, in vain they grieve :
 Their Sorrows cannot ours relieve.
 They pity our deplorable Estate :
 But what alas can Pity do
 To soften the Decrees of Fate ?
 Besides, the Sentence is irrevocable too.
 All their Endeavours to preserve our Breath,
 Tho' they do unsuccessful prove,
 Shew us how much, how tenderly they love ?
 But cannot cut off the Entail of Death,
 Mournful they look, and crowd about our Bed :
 One, with officious Haste,
 Brings us a cordial we want Sense to taste ;
 Another softly raises up our Head ;
 This wipes away the Sweat ; that sighing, cries
 See what Convulsions, what strong Agonies
 Both Soul and Body undergo !
 His Pains no Intermission know ;
 For ev'ry Grasp of Air he draws, returns in Sighs.
 Each would his kind Assistance lend
 To save his dear Relation, or his dearer Friend ;
 But still in vain with Destiny they all contend.

VI. OUR

VI.

OUR Father, pale with Grief and Watching grown,
Takes our cold Hand in his, and cries, Adieu!
Adieu, my Child! now I must follow you:

Then weeps, and gently lays it down.

Our Sons, who in their tender Years,
Were Objects of our Cares, and of our Fears,
Come trembling to our Bed, and, kneeling, cry,
Bless us, O Father! now before you die;
Bless us, and be thou bless'd to all Eternity!

Our Friend, whom equal to ourselves we love,
Compassionate and kind,
Cries, Will you leave me here behind?
Without me fly to the bless'd Seats above?

Without me, did I say? Ah, no!

Without thy Friend thou canst not go:
For, tho' thou leav'st me grov'ling here below,
My Soul with thee shall upward fly,
And bear thy Spirit Company,

Thro' the bright Passage of the yielding Sky.

Ev'n Death, that parts thee from thyself, shall be
Incapable to separate

(For 'tis not in the Pow'r of Fate)

My Friend, my best, my dearest Friend, and me:

But, since it must be so, Farewel;

For ever! No; for we shall meet again,
And live like Gods, tho' now we die like Men,
In the eternal Regions, where just Spirits dwell.

VII. The

VII.

THE Soul, unable longer to maintain
 The fruitless and unequal Strife,
 Finding her weak Endeavours vain,
 To keep the Counterscarpe of Life,
 By slow Degrees, retires towards the Heart,
 And fortifies that little Fort
 With all its kind Artilleries of Art ;
 Botanic Legions guarding ev'ry Port.
 But Death whose Arms no Mortal can repel,
 A formal Siege disdains to lay ;
 Summons his fierce Battalions to the Fray,
 And in a Minute storms the feeble Citadel.
 Sometimes we may capitulate, and he
 Pretends to make a solid Peace ;
 But 'tis all Sham, all Artifice,
 That we may negligent and careless be :
 For, if his Armies are withdrawn to Day,
 And we believe no Danger near,
 But all is peaceable, and all is clear ;
 His Troops return some unsuspected Way ;
 While in the soft Embrace of Sleep we lie,
 The secret Murd'ers stab us and we die.

VIII.

SINCE our first Parents Fall,
 Inevitable Death descends on all ;

A Por-

A Portion none of human Race can miss :
But that which makes it sweet or bitter, is
The Fears of Misery, or certain Hopes of Bliss.
For, when th' Impenitent and Wicked die,
Loaded with Crimes and Infamy,
If any Sense at that sad Time remains,
They feel amazing Terrors, mighty Pains ;
The Earnest of that vast, stupendous Woe
Which they to all Eternity must undergo,
Confin'd in Hell with everlasting Chains.

Infernal Spirits hover in the Air,
Like rav'nous Wolves, to seize upon the Prey,
And hurry the departed Souls away
To the dark Receptacles of Despair :
Where they must dwell 'till that tremendous Day,
When the loud Trump shall call them to appear
Before a Judge most terrible, and most severe ;
By whose just Sentence they must go
To everlasting Pains, and endless Woe.

IX.

BUT the good Man, whose Soul is pure,
Unspotted, regular, and free
From all the ugly Stains of Lust and Villany,
Of Mercy and of Pardon sure,
Looks thro' the Darkness of the gloomy Night
And sees the Dawning of a glorious Day ;
Sees Crowds of Angels ready to convey

His

His Soul, whene'er she takes her Flight,
 To the surprizing Mansions of immortal Light.
 Then the cœlestial Guards around him stand ;
 Nor suffer the black Dæmons of the Air
 T'oppose his Passage to the promis'd Land,
 Or terrify his Thoughts with wild Despair ;
 But all is calm within, and all without is fair.
 His Pray'rs, his Charity, his Virtues, press
 To plead for Mercy when he wants it most ;
 Not one of all the happy Number's lost :
 And those bright Advocates ne'er want Success :
 But when the Soul's releas'd from dull Mortality,
 She passes up in Triumph thro' the Sky ;
 Where she's united to a glorious Throng
 Of Angels } who, with a cœlestial Song,
 Congratulate her Conquest as she flies along.

X.

If therefore all must quit the Stage,
 When, or how soon we cannot know ;
 But late or early, we are sure to go ;
 In the fresh Bloom of Youth, or wither'd Age ;
 We cannot take too sedulous a Care,
 In this important, grand Affair :
 For, as we die, we must remain,
 Hereafter all our Hopes are vain,
 To make our Peace with Heav'n, or to return again.
 The Heathen, who no better understood
 Than what the Light of Nature taught, declar'd,
 No future Misery could be prepar'd
 For the Sincere, the Merciful, the Good ;

But

But if there was a State of Rest,
They should with the same Happiness be blest
As the immortal Gods, if Gods there were, possess.
We have the Promise of th' eternal Truth,
Those who live well, and pious Paths pursue,
To Man, and to their Maker, true,
Let 'em expire in Age, or Youth,
Can never miss

Their Way to everlasting Bliss :
But from a World of Misery and Care
To Mansions of eternal Ease repair ;
Where Joy in full Perfection flows,
And in an endless Circle moves,
Thro' the vast Round of Beatific Loves,
Which no Cessation knows.



On the General CONFLAGRATION, and
Ensuing JUDGMENT. A Pindaric
ESSAY.

*Esse quoque in factis, raminiscitur, affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
Ardeat, & mundi moles operosa laborat.* Ovid. Met.

I.

NOW the black Days of universal Doom,
Which wondrous Prophecies foretold, are come:
G What

122 *On the General Conflagration,*

What strong Convulsions, what stupendous Woe,
 Must sinking Nature undergo,
 Amidst the dreadful Wreck, and final Overthrow!
 Methinks I hear her, conscious of her Fate,
 With fearful Groans, and hideous Cries,
 Fill the presaging Skies
 Unable to support the Weight
 Or of the present, or approaching Miseries.
 Methinks I hear her summon all
 Her guilty Offspring, raving with Despair,
 And trembling, cry aloud, Prepare,
 Ye sublunary Pow'rs t'attend my Funeral!

II.

SEE, see the tragical Portents,
 Those dismal Harbingers of dire Events!
 Loud Thunders roar, and darting Lightnings fly
 Thro' the dark Concave of the troubled Sky;
 The fi'ry Ravage is begun, the End is nigh.
 See how the glaring Meteors blaze!

Like baleful Torches, O they come,
 To light dissolving Nature to her Tomb!
 And, scatt'ring round their pestilential Rays,
 Strike the affrighted Nations with a wild Amaze.

Vast Sheets of Flame, and Globes of Fire,
 By an impetuous Wind are driven
 Thro' all the Regions of th' inferior Heav'n,
 Till, hid in sulph'rous Smoak, they seemingly expire.

III.

SAD and amazing 'tis to see,
 What mad Confusion rages over all
 This scorching Ball!

No

No Country is extemp, no Nation free,
 But each partakes the epidemic Misery.
 What dismal Havock of Mankind is made
 By Wars, and Pestilence, and Dearth,
 Thro' the whole mournful Earth !
 Which with a murd'ring Fury they invade,
 Forsook by Providence, and all propitious Aid !
 Whilst Fiends let loose, their utmost Rage employ,
 To ruin all Things here below ;
 Their Malice and Revenge no Limits know,
 But in the universal Tumult, all destroy.

IV.

DISTRACTED Mortals from their Cities fly,
 For Safety to their champain Ground ;
 But there no Safety can be found ;
 The Vengeance of an angry Deity,
 With unrelenting Fury, does inclose them round :
 And whilst for Mercy some aloud implore
 The GOD they ridicul'd before ;
 And others, raving with their Woe,
 (For Hunger, Thirst, Despair, they undergo)
 Blaspheme and curse the Pow'r they should adore :
 The Earth, parch'd up with Drought, her Jaws extends,
 And opening wide a dreadful Tomb,
 The howling Multitude at once descends
 Together all into her burning Womb.

V.

THE trembling *Alps* abscond their aged Heads
 In mighty Pillars of infernal Smoke,
 Which from their bellowing Caverns broke,
 And suffocates whole Nations where it spreads.

124 *On the General Conflagration,*

Sometimes the Fire within divides
 The massy Rivers of those secret Chains,
 Which hold together their prodigious Sides,
 And hurls the shatter'd Rocks o'er all the Plains ;
 While Towns and Cities, ev'ry thing below,
 Is overwhelm'd with the same Burst of Woe:

VI.

No Show'rs descend from the malignant Sky,
 To cool the Burning of the thirsty Field ;
 The Trees no Leaves, no Grass the Meadows yield,
 But all is barren, all is dry.
 The little Rivulets no more
 To larger Streams their Tribute pay,
 Nor to the ebbing Ocean they ;
 Which, with a strange unusual Roar
 Forsakes those ancient Bounds it would have pass'd before,
 And to the monstrous Deep in vain retires :
 For ev'n the Deep itself is not secure,
 But, belching subterraneous Fires,
 Increases still the scalding Calenture
 Which neither Earth, nor Air, nor Water, can endure.

VII.

THE Sun, by Sympathy, concern'd
 At those Convulsions, Pangs, and Agonies,
 Which on the whole Creation seize,
 Is to substantial Darkness turn'd.
 The neighb'ring Moon, as if a purple Flood
 O'erflow'd her tott'ring Orb, appears
 Like a huge Mass of black corrupted Blood ;
 For she herself a Dissolution fears.

The

The larger Plants, which once shone so bright,
With the reflected Rays of borrow'd Light,
Shook from their Centre, without Motion lie,
Unweildy Globes of solid Night,
And ruinous Lumber of the Sky.

VIII.

AMIDST this dreadful Hurricane of Woes,
(For Fire, Confusion, Horror, and Despair
Fill ev'ry Region of the tortur'd Earth and Air,)
The great Archangel his loud Trumpet blows ;
At whose amazing Sound fresh Agonies
Upon expiring Nature seize :
For now she'll in few Minutes know
Th' ultimate Event and Fate of all below.
Awake, ye Dead, awake, he cries ;
(For all must come)
All that had human Breath, arise,
To hear your last, unalterable Doom.

IX.

At this the ghastly Tyrant, who had sway'd
So many thousand Ages uncontroll'd,
No longer could his Scepter hold ;
But gave up all, and was himself a Captive made :
The scatter'd Particles of human Clay,
Which in the silent Grave's dark Chambers lay,
Resume their pristine Forms again,
And now from mortal grow immortal Men.
Stupendous Energy of sacred pow'r,
Which can collect, where ever cast,

126 *On the General Conflagration,*

The smallest Atoms, and that Shape restore
Which they had worn so many Years before,
That thro' strange Accidents and num'rous Changes past!

X.

See how the joyful Angels fly
From ev'ry Quarter of the Sky,
To gather and to convoy all
The pious Sons of human Race,
To one capacious Place,

Above the Connnes of this flaming Ball.

See with what Tenderness and Love they bear
Those righteous Souls thro' the tumult'ous Air;
Whilst the Ungodly stand below,
Raging with Shame, Confusion, and Despair,
Amidst the burning Overthrow,
Expecting fiercer Torment, and acuter Woe.
Round them infernal Spirits howling fly;
O Horror, Curses, Tortures, Chains! they cry,
And roar aloud with execrable Blasphemy. }

XI.

HARK how the daring Sons of Infamy
Who once dissolv'd in Pleasures lay,
And laugh'd at this tremendous Day,
To Rocks and Mountains now to hide 'em cry,
But Rocks and Mountains all in Ashes lie.
Their Shame's so mighty, and so strong their Fear,
That, rather than appear
Before a God incens'd, they would be hurl'd
Amongst the burning Ruins of the World,
And lie conceal'd, if possible for ever there.

Time

Time was they would not own a *Deity*,
 Nor after Death a future State ;
 But now, by sad Experience find, too late,
 There is, and terrible to that Degree,
 That rather than behold his Face they'd cease to be,
 And sure 'tis better, if Heav'n would give Consent
 To have no Being ; but they must remain,
 For ever, and for ever be in Pain.
 O inexpressible, stupendous Punishment,
 Which cannot be endur'd, yet must be underwënt ;

XII.

BUT flow the eastern Skies expanding wide,
 The Glorious JUDGE Omnipotent descends,
 And to the sublunary World his Passage bends ;
 Where, cloath'd with human Nature, he did once reside.
 Round him the bright Æthereal Armies fly,
 And loud triumphant *Hallelujahs* sing,
 With Songs of Praise, and Hymns of Victory,
 To their Cælestial KING ;
 All Glory, Pow'r, Dominion, Majesty,
 Now, and for everlasting Ages, be
 To the Essential One, and Co-eternal *Three*.
 Perish that World, as 'tis decreed,
 Which saw the GOD Incarnate bleed !
 Perish by thy Almighty Vengeance those
 Who durst thy Person, or thy Laws, expose ;
 The cursed Refuge of Mankind, and Hell's proud Seed.
 Now to the unbelieving Nations shew,
 Thou art a GOD from all Eternity ;
 Not titular, or but by Office so ;

And let 'em the mysterious Union see
Of human Nature with the *Deity*.

XIII.

WITH mighty Transports, yet with awful Fears,
The Good behold this glorious Sight?
Their God in all his Majesty appears,
Ineffable, amazing bright,
And seated on a Throne of everlasting Light.
Round the Tribunal, next to the most High,
In sacred Discipline and Order, stand
Peers and Princes of the Sky,
As they excel in Glory or Command.
Upon the Right Hand that illustrious Croud,
In the white Bosom of a shining Cloud,
Whose Souls abhorring all ignoble Crimes,
Did, with a steady Course, pursue
His holy Precepts in the worst of Times,
Maugre what Earth or Hell, what Man or Devils could do.
And now that God they did to Death adore,
For whom such Torments and such Pains they bore,
Returns to place them on those Thrones above,
Where, undisturb'd, uncloy'd, they will possess
Divine, substantial Happiness,
Unbounded as his Pow'ér, and lasting as his Love.

XIV.

Go bring, the *Judge* impartial, frowning, cries,
Those rebel Sons, who did my Laws despise;
Whom neither Threats nor Promises could move,
Not all my Sufferings, nor all my Love,
To save themselves from everlasting Miseries.

At

At this ten Millions of Archangels flew
 Swifter than Lightning, or the swiftest Thought,
 And less than in an Instant brought
 The wretched, curs'd, infernal, Crew ;
 Who with distorted Aspects come,
 To hear their sad, intolerable Doom.
 Alas they cry, one Beam of Mercy shew,
 Thou all forgiving Deity !
 To pardon Crimes is natural to Thee ;
 Crush us to nothing, or suspend our Woe :
 But if it cannot, cannot be,
 And we must go into a Gulph of Fire,
 (For who can with Omnipotence contend ?)
 Grant, for thou art a God, it may at last expire,
 And all our Tortures have an End :
 Eternal Burnings, O, we cannot bear !
 Tho' now our Bodies too immortal are,
 Let 'em be pungent to the last Degree ;
 And let our Pains innumerable be ;
 But let 'em not extend to all Eternity !

XV.

Lo, now there does no Place remain
 For Penitence and Tears, but all
 Must by their Actions stand or fall :
 To hope for Pity is in vain ;
 The Dye is cast, and not to be recall'd again.
 Two mighty Books are by two Angels brought :
 In this, impartially recorded, stands
 The Law of Nature, and Divine Commands :

In that, each Action, Word, and Thought,
Whate'er was said, in secret wrought.

Then first the Virt'ous and the Good,
Who all the Fury of Temptation stood,
And bravely pass'd thro' Ignominy, Chains, and Blood.

Attended by their Guardian Angels come
To the tremendous Bar of final Doom.

In vain the grand Accuser, railing, brings
A long Indictment of enormous Things,
Whose Guilt wip'd off by penitential Tears,
And their Redeemer's Blood and Agonies,
No more to their Astonishment appears,
But in the secret Womb of dark Oblivion lies.

XVI.

COME, now, my Friends, he cries, ye Sons of Grace,
Partakers once of all my Wrongs and Shame,
Despis'd and hated for my Name ;

COME to your SAVIOUR's and your GOD's Embrace
Ascend, and those bright Diadems possess,
For you by my Eternal FATHER made,
E'er the Foundation of the World was laid ;

And that surprizing Happiness,
Immense as my own Godhead, and will ne'er be less :
For when I languishing in Prison lay,
Naked, and starv'd almost for want of Bread,

You did your kindly Visits pay,
Both cloath'd my Body, and my Hunger fed.
Weary'd with Sicknes, or oppress'd with Grief.
Your Hand was always ready to supply :

Whene'er I wanted you were always by,
To share my Sorrows, or to give Relief.

In

In all Distress, so tender was your Love,
 I could no anxious Trouble bear ;
 No black Misfortune, or vexatious Care,
 But you were still impatient to remove,
 And mourn'd, your charitable Hand should unsuccessful
 All this you did, tho' not to me [prove :
 In Person, yet to mine in Misery :
 And shall for ever live
 In all the Glories that a God can give
 Or a created Being's able to receive.

XVII.

At this the Architects Divine on high,
 Innumerable Thrones of Glory raise,
 On which they, in appointed Order, place
 The human Coheirs of Eternity ;
 And with united Hymns the God Incarnate praise ;
 O Holy, Holy, Holy LORD,
 Eternal God, Almighty One,
 Be Thou for ever, and be thou alone,
 By all thy Creatures, constantly adored !
 Ineffable, Co-equal Three,
 Who from Non-entity gave Birth
 To Angels and to Men, to Heaven and to Earth,
 Yet always wast Thyself, and wilt for ever be.
 But for thy Mercy, we had ne'er possess
 These Thrones, and this immense Felicity,
 Could ne'er have been so infinitely blest :
 Therefore all Glory, Pow'r, Dominion, Majesty,
 To Thee, O Lamb of God, to Thee,
 For ever, longer than for ever be.

XVIII.

XVIII.

THEN the Incarnate **GODHEAD** turns his Face,

To those upon the Left, and cries

(Almighty Vengeance flashing in his Eyes)

Ye impious, unbelieving Race,

To those eternal Torments go,

Prepar'd for those rebellious Sons of Light;

In burning Darkness and in flaming Night;

Which shall no Limit or Cessation know,

But always are extreme, and always will be so.

The final Sentence pass'd, a dreadful Cloud

Inclosing all the miserable Crowd,

A mighty Hurricane of Thunder rose,

And hurl'd 'em all into a Lake of Fire,

Which never, never, never can expire;

The vast Abyss of endless woes :

Whilst with their God the Righteous mount on high,

In glorious Triumph passing thro' the Sky,

To Joys immense, and Everlasting Extasy.



R E M A I N S

OF THE

Rev. Mr. POMFRET.

VIZ.

R E A S O N. A S A T I R E.

Dies Novissima : Or, The LAST EPIPHANY.
A P I N D A R I C O D E.

The FIFTH EDITON.



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Some Account of Mr. POMFRET, and his Writings:

***** HE two following Pieces are the only *Poetical*
* (T) * *Remains* of the Reverend Mr. POMFRET, and
* * * * * were lately found, among some other Papers
* * * * * of a private Nature, in the Custody of an
intimate Friend.

THE *first* of them, intituled, *Reason*, was wrote by him in the Year 1700, when the Debates concerning the Doctrine of the *Trinity* were carried on with so much Heat by the Clergy one against another, that King WILLIAM was obliged to interpose his Royal Authority, by putting an End to that pernicious Controversy, through an Act of Parliament, strictly forbidding any Persons whatsoever to publish their Notions on this Subject. It is indeed a severe, tho' very just Satire upon the Antagonists engaged in that Dispute: And was published by Mr. POMFRET at the Time it was wrote. The not inserting of *it* among his *other* Poems, when he collected them into a Volume, was on account of his having received very signal Favours from some of the Persons therein mentioned: But, *They* as well as *He*, being now dead, it is hoped that the Revival of it at this Juncture, will answer the same good Purposes intended by the Author in its original Composition.

THE *other*, intituled, *Dies Novissima*; or, *The Last Epiphany*; a Pindaric Ode on Christ's second Appearance to judge the World, is now printed from a Manuscript under his own Hand. It must be, indeed, confessed, that many excellent Pens have exercised their Talents upon
this

iv *Some Account of Mr. POMFRET,*

this Subject; but yet notwithstanding the different Manner in which they have treated it, I dare say, there will be found such a holy Warmth animating this Piece throughout, that, as *The Guardian* has observed of *Divine Poetry*, *We shall find a Kind of Refuge in our Pleasure, and our Diversion well become our Safety.*

HAVING thus given a faithful Account of these valuable *Remains*, there is another natural Piece of Justice still due to the Memory of the *Author*. In the first Place by giving some Account of his Family, to clear him from the Aspersions of *Fanaticism*, which have been generally cast on him through notorious Mistake; and, in the next Place, to defend the Genuineness of his Writings from the injurious Treatment of those who have, either through Malice or Ignorance, ascribed some of them to other Persons.

THE true Account of his Family, is as follows, *viz.* Mr. POMFRET's Father was Rector of *Luton* in *Bedfordshire*, and himself was preferred to the Living of *Malden* in the same County. He was liberally educated at an eminent Grammar School in the Country; from whence he was sent to the University of *Cambridge*; but of what College he was entered I know not. There he wrote most of his Poetical Compositions, took the Degree of Master of Arts, and very early accomplished himself in most Kinds of Polite Literature.

It was shortly after his leaving the University, that he was preferred to the Living of *Malden* abovementioned; and so far was he from being in the least tinctured with *Fanaticism*, that I have often heard him express his Abhorrence of the destructive Tenet maintained by those People, both against our *Religious* and *Civil Rights*.

THIS Imputation it seems, was cast on him, by there having been one of his Surname, though not any way related to him, a Dissenting Teacher, who died not

long ago *: So far distant from the Accusation were the Principles of this excellent Man.

ABOUT the Year, 1703, Mr. POMFRET came up to London, for Institution and Induction into a very considerable Living: But was retarded for some time, by a Disgust taken by Dr. HENRY COMPTON, then Bishop of London, at these four Lines in the Close of his Poem, entituled, *The Choice*:

*And as I near approach'd the Verge of Life,
Some kind Relation (for I'd have no Wife)
Should take upon him all my worldly Care,
While I did for a better State prepare.*

THE *Parenthesis*, in these Verses, was so maliciously represented to the Bishop, that his Lordship was given to understand, it could bear no other Construction, than that Mr. POMFRET preferred a *Mistress* before a *Wife*: tho', I think, the contrary is self-evident; the Verses implying no more, than the Preference of a *Single Life* to *Marriage*; unless his Brethren of the Gown will assert that an unmarried Clergyman cannot live without a *Mistress*. But the worthy Prelate was soon convinced of the prepense Malice of Mr. POMFRET's Enemies towards him, he being at that Time married: Yet their base Opposition of his deserved Merit had in some Measure its Effect; for, by the Obstructions he met with, and the *Small-Pox* being at that time very rife, he sickened of them, and died at London, in the 26.th Year of his Age.

THE ungenerous Treatment he has since met with in Regard to his *Poetical Compositions*, is in a Book intitled, *Poems by the Earl of ROSCOMMON and Mr. DUKE* †; in the Preface to which the Publisher has

* Mr. SAMUEL POMFRET, who published some Rhimes upon *Spiritual Subjects*, as they are pleased to call them.

† Printed for Jacob Tonson, 1727. Octavo.

vi *Some Account of Mr. POMFRET, &c.*

peremptorily inserted the following Paragraph: *In this Collection* (says he) *of my Lord ROSCOMMON's Poems, Care has been taken to insert all that I could possibly procure that are truly genuine; there having been several Things published under his Name, which were written by others, the Authors of which I could set down, if it were material.* Now this arrogant Editor would have been more just, both to the Publick, and to the Earl of ROSCOMMON's Memory, in telling us *what Things* had been published under his Lordship's Name by *others*, than by concealing the *Authors* of any such gross *Impositions*. Instead of which, he is so much a Stranger to *Impartiality*, that he has been guilty of the very Crime he exclaims against; for he has not only attributed the *Prospect of Death* to the Earl of ROSCOMMON, which was wrote by Mr. POMFRET many Years after his Lordship's Decease; but likewise another Piece, intituled, *The Prayer of JEREMY Paraphrased; prophetically representing the passionate Grief of the Jewish People for the Loss of their own Town and Sanctuary; written by Mr. SOUTHCOT*, a worthy Gentleman now living, who first published it himself in the Year 1717.* So that it is to be hoped, in a future Edition of the Earl of ROSCOMMON's and Mr. DUKE's *Poems*, the same Care will be taken to do these *Gentlemen* Justice, as to prevent any others Persons from hereafter injuring the Memory of his Lordship. 1724.

PHILALETHES.

* See *Miscellaneous Poems and Translations*. Printed for Bernard Lintot. Octavo.

REASON.



R E A S O N :

A

P O E M.

✽✽✽ *UNHAPPY* Man ! who, thro' successive Years,
✽✽✽ From early Youth to Life's last Childhood errs :
✽✽✽ No sooner born but proves a Foe to Truth ;
For Infant *Reason* is o'erpower'd in Youth.

The Cheats of Sense will half our Learning share ;
And pre-conceptions all our Knowledge are.

Reason, 'tis true, should over Sense preside,
Correct our Notions, and our Judgments guide,
But false Opinions rooted in the Mind,
Hoodwink the Soul, and keep our *Reason* blind.

Reason's a Taper, which but faintly burns ;
A languid Flame, that glows and dies by Turns :
We see't a little while, and but a little Way :
We travel by its Light, as Men by Day :
But quickly dying, it forsakes us soon,
Like Morning-Stars, that never stay till Noon.

THE

THE Soul can scarce above the Body rise ;
 And all we see is with corporeal Eyes.
 Life now does scarce one Glimpse of Light display ;
 We mourn in Darkneſs, and deſpair of Day :
 That nat'ral Light, once dreſt with orient Beams,
 Is now diminifh'd and a Twilight ſeems ;
 A miſcellaneous Compoſition, made
 Of Night and Day, of Sunshine and of Shade.
 Thro' an uncertain *Medium* now we look,
 And find that *Falſhood*, which for *Truth* we took :
 So Rays projected from the *Eastern* Skies,
 Shew the falſe Day before the Sun can riſe.

THAT little Knowledge now which Man obtains,
 From outward Objects and from Senſe he gains :
 He, like a wretched Slave muſt plod and ſweat ;
 By Day muſt toil, by Night that Toil repeat ;
 And yet, at laſt, what little Fruit he gains :
 A Beggar's Harveſt, glean'd with mighty Pains.

THE Paſſions ſtill predominant will rule,
 Ungovern'd, rude, not bred in *Reason's* School ;
 Our Underſtanding they with Darkneſs fill,
 Cauſe ſtrong Corruptions, and pervert the Will :
 On theſe the Soul, as on ſome flowing Tide,
 Muſt fit, and on the raging Billows ride,
 Hurry'd away ; for how can be wiſhſood
 The' impetuous torrent of the boiling Blood ;
 Be gone, falſe Hopes for all our Learning's vain ;
 Can we be free where theſe the Rule maintain ?

Theſe

These are the Tools of Knowledge which we use ;
 The Spirits heated, will strange Things produce.
 Tell me, who e'er the Passions could controul,
 Or from the Body disengage the Soul :
 Till this is done, our best Pursuits are vain,
 To conquer Truth, and unmix'd Knowledge gain.
 Thro' all the bulky Volumes of the Dead,
 And thro' those Books that modern Times have bred.
 With Pain we travel, as thro' moorish Ground
 Where scarce one useful Plant is ever found ;
 O'er-run with Errors, which so thick appear,
 Our Search proves vain, no Spark of Truth is there.

WHAT's all the noisy Jargon of the Schools,
 But idle Nonsense of laborious Fools,
 Who fetter *Reason* with perplexing Rules ?
 What in AQUINAS' bulky Works are found,
 Does not enlighten *Reason*, but confound :
 Who travels SCORUS' swelling Tomes, shall find
 A Cloud of Darkness rising on the Mind,
 In controverted Points can *Reason* sway,
 When Passion or Conceit, still hurries us away ?
 Thus his new Notions SHERLOCK would instill,
 And clear the greatest Mysteries at Will ;
 But, by unlucky Wit, perplex'd them more,
 And made them darker than they were before.
 SOUTH soon oppos'd him, out of Christian Zeal ;
 Shewing how well he could dispute and rail.
 How shall we e'er discover which is right,
 When both so eagerly maintain the Fight ?

Each

4 REASON. APOEM.

Each does the other's Arguments deride ;
 Each has the Church and Scripture on his Side.
 The sharp, ill natur'd Combat's but a Jest ;
 Both may be wrong ; one errs, perhaps, the least.
 How shall we know which Articles are true,
 The *old ones* of the Church, or BURNET's *new* ?
 In Paths uncertain and unsafe he treads,
 Who blindly follows others fertile Heads,
 What sure, what certain Mark have we to know,
 The right or wrong 'twixt BURGESS, WAKE, and HOWE.

SHOULD untun'd Nature crave the *Medic Art*,
 What Health can that contentious Tribe impart ?
 Ev'ry Physician writes a different Bill,
 And gives no other *Reason* but his Will.
 No longer boast your Art, ye impious Race ;
 Let Wars 'twixt *Alcalies* and *Acids* cease ;
 And proud G—LL with COLBATCH be at Peace. }
 GIBBONS and RADCLIFFE do but rarely guess ;
 To Day they've *good*, to Morrow *no* Success.
 Ev'n GARTH and * MAURUS sometimes shall prevail,
 When GIBSON, learn'd HANNES, and TYSON, fail.
 And, more than once, we've seen that blund'ring S—NE,
 Missing the Gout, by chance has hit the Stone ;
 The Patient does the lucky Error find :
 A Cure he works, tho' not the Cure design'd.

CUSTOM, the World's great Idol, we adore ;
 And knowing this, we seek to know no more.

* Sir RICHARD BLACKMOORE.

What

What Education did at first receive,
 Our ripen'd Age confirms us to believe;
 The careful Nurse, and Priest, are all we need,
 To learn Opinions, and our Country's Creed:
 The Parents Precepts early are instill'd,
 And spoil the Man, while they instruct the Child.
 To what hard Fate is human Kind betray'd,
 When thus implicit Faith's a Virtue made;
 When Education more than Truth prevails,
 And nought is current but what Custom seals?
 Thus, from the Time we first begin to know,
 We live and learn, but not the Wiser grow.

We seldom use our Liberty aright,
 Nor judge of Things by universal Light:
 Our Prepossessions and Affections bind
 The Souls in Chains, and lord it o'er the Mind;
 And if Self-int'rest be but in the Case
 Our unexamin'd Principles may pass:
 Good Heav'ns! that Man should thus himself deceive,
 To learn on Credit, and on Trust believe!
 Better the Mind no Notions had retain'd,
 But still a fair, unwrit en Blank remain'd:
 For now, who Truth from Falshood would discern,
 Must first disrobe the Mind, and all unlearn.
 Errors, contracted in unmindful Youth,
 When once remov'd, will smoothe the Way to Truth:
 To dispossess the Child the Mortal lives;
 But Death approaches ere the Man arrives.

6 REASON. APOEM.

THOSE who would Learning's glorious Kingdom find,
The dear-bought Purchase of the trading Mind.
From many Dangers must themselves acquit,
And more than *Scylla* and *Charibdis* meet.
Oh! what an Ocean must be voyag'd o'er,
To gain a Prospect of the shining Shore!
Resisting Rocks oppose th' inquiring Soul,
And adverse Waves retard it as they roll.

DOES not that foolish Deference we pay
To Men that liv'd long since, our Passage stay?
What odd, prepost'rous Paths at first we tread,
And learn to walk by stumbling on the Dead!
First we a Blessing from the Grave implore,
Worship *old Urns*, and *Monuments* adore;
The rev'rend Sage, with vast Esteem, we prize:
He liv'd long since, and must be wondrous wise.
Thus are we Debtors to the famous Dead,
For all those Errors which their Fancies bred:
Errors indeed! for real Knowledge stay'd
With those first Times, nor farther was convey'd;
While light Opinions are much lower brought,
For on the Waves of Ignorance they float:
But solid Truth scarce ever gains the Shore,
So soon it sinks, and ne'er emerges more.

SUPPOSE those many dreadful Dangers past,
Will Knowledge dawn, and bless the Mind, at last?
Ah! no; 'tis now environ'd from our Eyes,
Hides all its Charms, and undiscover'd lies,

Truth,

Truth, like a single Point, escapes the Sight,
 And claims Attention to perceive it right :
 But what resembles Truth is soon descry'd,
 Spread like a Surface, and expanded wide.
 The first Man rarely, very rarely finds
 The tedious Search of long enquiring Minds :
 But yet, what's worse, we know not when we err ;
 What Mark does Truth, what bright Distinction bear ?
 How do we know that *what we know is true* ?
 How shall we Falshood fly, and Truth pursue ?
 Let none then here his certain Knowledge boast ;
 'Tis all but *Probability* at most :
 This is the easy Purchase of the Mind,
 The *Vulgar's Treasure*, which we soon may find ;
 But *Truth* lies hid, and ere we can explore
 The glitt'ring Gem, our fleeting Life is o'er.



H

Dies



Dies Novissima :

OR, THE

LAST EPIPHANY.

*A PINDARIC Ode, on CHRIST'S Second
Appearance, to Judge the World.*



I.

❖ ❖ ❖ DIE U, ye toyish Reeds, that once could please
❖ ❖ ❖ A ❖ My softer Lips, and lull my Cares to Ease :
❖ ❖ ❖ Be gone ; I'll waste no more vain Hours with
And smiling SYLVIA too, adieu. [you :

A brighter Pow'r invokes my Muse,
And loftier Thoughts and Raptures does infuse.
See, beck'ning from yon Cloud, *He* stands,
And promises Assistance with his Hands,
I feel the heavy rolling God,
Incumbent, revel in his frail Abode.

How

How my Breast heaves, and Pulses beat!
 I sink, I sink, beneath the furious Heat:
 The weighty Bliss o'erwhelms my Breast,
 And over-flowing Joys profusely vast.
 Some nobler Bard, O *Sacred Pow'r*, inspire,
 Or Soul more large, th' Elapses to receive:
 And, brighter yet, to catch the Fire:
 And each gay following Charm from Death to save.
 —In vain the Suit—the God inflames my Breast;
 I rave, with Extasies oppress'd:
 I rise, the Mountains lessen, and retire;
 And now I mix, unsing'd, with elemental Fire:
 The *leading DEITY* I have in view;
 Nor Mortal knows, as yet, what Wonders will ensue.

II.

We pass thro' Regions of th' unsully'd Light;
 I gaz'd, and sicken'd at the blissful Sight;
 A shudd'ring Paleness seiz'd my Look:
 At last the Pest flew off, and thus I spoke;
 " Say *Sacred Guide*, shall this bright Clime
 " Survive the fatal Test of Time,
 " Or perish, with our mortal Globe below,
 " When yon *Sun* no longer shines?"
 Straight I finish'd—veiling low;
 The *Visionary Pow'r* rejoins;
 " 'Tis not for you to ask, nor me to say,
 " The Niceties of that *tremendous Day*.

" Know when o'er jaded Time his Round has run,
 " And finish'd are the radiant Journeys of the *Sun*,
 " The great *decisive Morn* shall rise,
 " And Heav'ns *Bright JUDGE* appear in opening Skies,
 " Eternal Grace and Justice *He'll* bestow
 " On all the *trembling World* below."

III.

He said, I mus'd ; and thus return'd :
 " What Ensigns, courteous Stranger, tell,
 " Shall the brooding Day reveal?"
 He answer'd mild ———
 " Already, stupid with their Crimes,
 " Blind Mortals prostrate to their Idols lie;
 " Such were the boding Times,
 " Ere Ruin blasted from the sluicy Sky;
 " Dissolv'd they lay in fulsome Ease,
 " And revell'd in luxuriant Peace;
 " In *Bacchanals* they did their Hours consume,
 " And *Bacchanals* led on their swift, advancing Doom."

IV.

ADULT'RATE *Christs* already rise,
 And dare t'assuage the angry Skies ;
 Erratic Throngs the SAVIOUR'S Blood deny,
 And from the *Cross*, alas ! *He* does neglected sigh ;
 The *Anti-Christian Pow'r* has rais'd his *Hydra-Head*,
 And Ruin, only less than *Jesvs' Health*, does spread.

So long the Gore thro' poison'd Veins has flow'd,
 That scarcely ranker is a Fury's Blood ;
 Yet specious Artifice, and fair Disguise,
 The Monster's Shape, and curst Design belies :
 A *Fiend's* black Venom, in an *Angel's* Mien,
 He quaffs, and scatters, the contagious Spleen ;
 Straight, when *he* finishes his lawless Reign,
 Nature shall paint the shining Scene,
 Quick as the Lightning which inspires the Train. }

V.

FORWARD *Confusion* shall provoke the Fray,
 And *Nature* from her ancient Order stray ;
 Black Tempests, gath'ring from the Seas around,
 In horrid Ranges shall advance ;
 And, as they march, in thickest Sables drown'd,
 The Rival Thunder from the Clouds shall sound,
 And Lightnings join the fearful Dance ;
 The blust'ring Armies o'er the Skies shall spread,
 And universal Terror shed ;
 Loud issuing Peals, and rising Sheets of Smoke,
 Th' encumber'd Region of the Air shall choke ;
 The noisy Main shall lash the suff'ring Shore,
 And from the Rocks the breaking Billows roar ;
 Black Thunder bursts, blue Lightning burns,
 And melting Worlds to Heaps of Ashes turns,
 The Forests shall beneath the Tempest bend,
 And rugged Winds the nodding *Cedars* rend.

VI.

REVERSE all Nature's Web shall run,
 And boundless *Misrule*, all around,
 Order, its flying Foe, confound ;
 Whilst backward all the Threads shall haste to be unspun.
 Triumphant *Chaos*, with his oblique Wand,
 (The Wand with which, ere Time begun,
 His wand'ring Slaves he did command,
 And made 'em scamper right, and in rude Ranges run)
 The hostile Harmony shall chase;
 And as the Nymph resigns her Place,
 And panting to the neighb'ring Refuge flies,
 The formless Roman slaughters with his Eyes,
 And following, forms the pearching Dame's Retreat.
 Adding the Terror of his Threat ;
 The Globe shall faintly tremble round,
 And backward jolt, distorted with the Wound.

VII.

SWATH'D in substantial Shrouds of Night,
 The sick'ning *Sun* shall from the World retire,
 Stript of his dazzling Robes of Fire ;
 Which dangling once shed round a lavish Flood of Light.
 No frail Eclipse, but all essential Shade,
 Not yielding to primæval Gloom,
 Whilst Day was yet an *Embryo* in the Womb ;

Nor glimm'ring in its Source, with Silver Streamers play'd,
 A jettty Mixture of the Darknefs spread
 O'er murmuring *Ægypt's* Head,
 And that which Angels drew
 O'er Nature's Face, when JEsus dy'd;
 Which fleeping Ghofts for this mifttook,
 And rifing, off their hanging Fun'ral's fhook,
 And fleeting pafs'd, expos'd their bloodlefs Breasts to View
 Yet find it not fo dark, and to their Dormitories glide.

VIII.

Now bolder Fires appear,
 And palpable Obscurement fport,
 Glaring and gay as falling LUCIFER,
 Yet mark'd with Fate as when he fled th'ætherial Court
 And plung'd into the opening Gulph of Night;
 A Sabre of immortal Flame I bore,
 And, with this Arm, his flourishing Plume I tore,
 And ftraight the Fiend retreated from the Fight.

IX.

MEAN time the lambent Prodigies on high
 Take gamefome Measures in the Sky;
 Joy'd with his future Feaft, the Thunder roars
 In Chorus to th' enormous Harmony;
 And holloo's to his Offspring from fulphur'ous Stores:
 Applauding how they tilt, and how they fly,
 And their each nimble Turn, and radiant Embaffy.

X. THE

X.

THE *Moon* turns paler at the Sight,
 And all the *blazing Orbs* deny their Light;
 The *Lightning*, with its livid Tail
 A Train of glitt'ring Terrors draws behind,
 Which o'er the trembling World prevail;
 Wing'd and blown on by Storms of Wind,
 They shew the hideous Heaps on either Hand
 Of *Night*, that spreads her *Ebon' Curtains* round
 And there erects her royal Stand,
 In sev'n fold winding *Yet* her conscious Temples bound.

XI.

THE *Stars* next, starting from their Spheres,
 In giddy Revolutions leap and bound;
 While *this* with double Flury glares,
 And meditates new Wars,
 And wheels in sportive Gyres around,
 Its Neighbour shall advance to fight;
 And while each offers to enlarge its Right,
 The general Ruin shall increase,
 And banish all the Votaries of Peace.
 No more the *Stars*, with paler Beams,
 Shall tremble o'er the Midnight Streams,
 But travel downward to behold
 What mimics 'em so twinkling there:
 And like NARCISSUS, as they gain more near,

For

For the lov'd Image straight expire,
And agonize in warm Desire,
Or flake their Lust, as in the Stream they roll.

XII.

WHILST the World burns, and all the Orbs below
In their viperous Ruins glow,
They sink, and unsupported leave the Skies,
Which fall abrupt, and tell their Torment in the Noise.
Then see th' Almighty JUDGE, sedate and bright,
Cloth'd in Imperial Robes of Light!
His Wings the Wind, rough Storms the Chariot bear:
And nimble Harbingers before him fly,
And with officious Rudeness brush their Air;
Halt as he halts, then doubling in their Flight,
In horrid Sport with one another vie,
And leave behind quick-winding Tracks of Light;
Then urging, to their Ranks they close,
And shiv'ring, lest they start, a *sailing Caravan* compose.

XIII.

THE *Mighty* JUDGE rides in tempest'ous State
Whilst mighty Guards his Orders wait:
His waving Vestments shine
Bright as the Sun, which lately did its Beam resign,
And burnish'd Wreaths of Light shall make his Form
[Divine,
Strong Beams of Majesty around his Temples play,
And the transcendant Gaiety of his Face allay;

His

His *Father's* rev'rend Characters he'll wear,
 And both o'erwhelm with Light, and over-awe with
 Myriads of Angels shall be there, [Fear.
 And I, perhaps, close the tremendous Rear ;
 Angels, the first and fairest Sons of Day,
 Clad with eternal Youth, and as their Vestment gay.

XIV.

NOR for Magnificence alone,
 To brighten and enlarge the pageant Scene,
 Shall we encircle his more dazling Throne,
 And swell the Luitre of his pompous Train ;
 The nimble Ministers of Bliss or Woe
 We shall attend, and save, or deal the Blow,
 As *He* admits to Joy, or bids to Pain.

XV.

THE welcome News
 Thro' every Angel's Breast fresh Raptures shall diffuse,
 The Day is come
 When *Satan* with his Pow'rs shall sink to endless Doom,
 No more shall we his hostile Troops pursue
 From Cloud to Cloud, nor the long Fight renew.

XVI.

Then RAPHAEL, big with Life, the Trump shall sound :
 From falling Spheres the joyful Music shall rebound,
 And Seas and Shores shall catch and propagate it round :
 Louder

Louder he'll blow, and it shall speak more shrill,
 Than when, from *Sinai's Hill*,
 In Thunder, thro' the horrid redd'ning Smoke,
 Th' ALMIGHTY spoke.
 We'll shout around with martial Joy,
 And thrice the vaulted Skies shall rend, and thrice our
 Then first th' *Archangel's* Voice, aloud, [shouts reply.
 Shall chearfully salute the Day and Throng,
 And *Hallelujah*, fill the Croud ;
 And I, perhaps, shall close the Song.

XVII.

FROM its long Sleep all human Race shall rise,
 And see the *Morn* and JUDGE advancing in the Skies :
 To their old Tenements the *Souls* return,
 Whilst down the Steep of Heav'n as swift the JUDGE de-
 These look illustrious bright, no more to mourn ; [scends
 Whilst, see ; distracted Looks yon stalking Shades attend,
 The *Saints* no more shall conflict on the Deep,
 Nor rugged Waves insult the lab'ring Ship ;
 But from the Wreck in Triumph they arise,
 And borne to *Bliss*, shall tread *Empyreal Skies*.

F I N I S.



